

THE BEE

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 4, 1911

BACHARACH THE MAN

Great Mass Meeting

W. CALVIN CHASE, LAWYER AND EDITOR OF WASHINGTON, D. C. ADDRESSED MASS MEETING OF 3,000 REPUBLICANS.

ON PLATFORM WITH LEADING JUDGES, BANKERS, AND BUSINESS MEN OF CITY.

Came to Atlantic City on Invitation From the Republican Campaign Committee of New Jersey. President Taft Applauded.

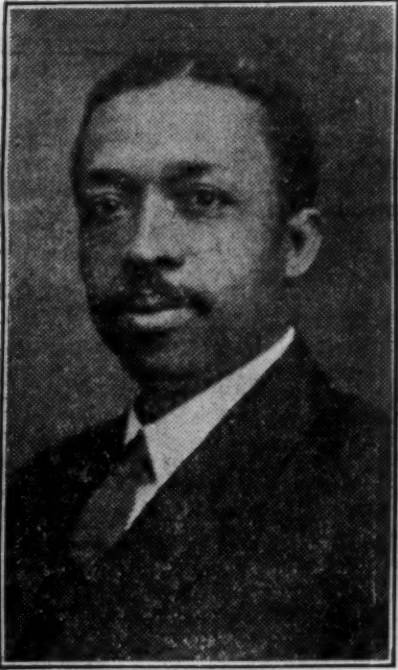
Made a Brilliant Address.

(Special to The Washington Bee.)

Atlantic City, N. J., Oct. 31, 1911.

On Saturday last, the 28th, Lawyer W. Calvin Chase, editor of the Washington Bee, came to the city in response to an invitation from the State Campaign Committee, to speak to the Republicans of Atlantic City and county. Mr. Chase's appearance at the famous Fitzgerald's Auditorium proved that the war-like editor is not a stranger in these parts. It was twenty minutes before he could stop shaking hands and gain his way to the rostrum where was waiting him Chairman Joseph Sauls, of the Campaign Committee.

A reception committee from the Third Ward, appointed to wait upon the editor, escorted him from his train to the Grinnage House, where he was the guest of Committeeman James A. Lightfoot during his stay in the city. After dinner at the Grinnage House, he was taken to the Union National Bank Building to the offices of the Hon. Judge John J. Crandall, and Attorney Isaac H. Nutter and J. A. Lightfoot, where he was met by the members of the County Committee.



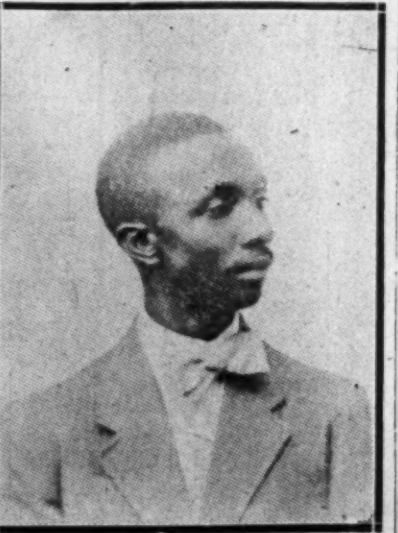
ISAAC H. NUTTER.

At Fitzgerald's Auditorium.

Mr. Carlton Godfrey, president of the Guarantee Trust Company, and Emerson S. Richards, of the Board of Education, nominees on the Republican ticket for the State's Assembly, and the Hon. Harry Bacharach, the city's postmaster, who is the Republican candidate for mayor, preceded Mr. Chase on the program. The gentlemen paid excellent tribute to the part the colored men had contributed as citizens to the welfare of the city, and to the part the colored voter had played in sustaining the Republican party of New Jersey. Mr. Bacharach made special mention of the efficiency of the clerks and the carriers in the postoffice, and Mr. Godfrey gave the audience some surprises when he told of the amount of money on deposit in his bank by colored people.

Receives Great Ovation.

When Editor Chase arose to speak, after a most flattering introduction by Lawyer I. H. Nutter, his was a great ovation as was ever given a speaker and guest here. After thanking his audience for the warm reception accorded him, Mr. Chase plunged into his subject: "Negro Citizenship and



JAMES A. LIGHTFOOT.

things he said: "I am told and have the Republican Party." Among other

learned through the medium of the press of your State, that your great fight in South Jersey is caused by some handful of disgruntled Republicans who have left their party and have gone over to the cause of Democracy. They have extended you an invitation to join them; but fearing that you would not stomach the thing as plain, naked, defiled Democrats, they hope to lure you into their nets by calling themselves Fusionists. But I am so entrenched in Republicanism, when there is no apparent cause for dissatisfaction whatever, that a Democrat under any other name would smell as bad and be as vile. You know far better than I do what advantages you have enjoyed here under Republican rule; and you are perfectly aware of the fact that Atlantic City pays more salary to her colored teachers than is paid to all the other colored teachers through South Jersey. You know you have colored men in very nearly every department of the city, and you know it has come to you under Republican administrations. Then on the other hand you are aware of the fact that some seven years ago there was a petition sent to your City Council asking that that body pass an ordinance prohibiting Negroes from bathing at certain places on your great and magnificent beach. You know it was a Republican Council that killed the measure. Further than this, you know that Governor Wilson has already appointed as Judge of Your District Court a Democrat from the State of North Carolina, who now calls himself a Jerseyman. And he has also appointed another southern man as Judge of your Circuit Court. When he wished special investigations of the affairs of Atlantic County he appointed a son-in-law of Ben Tillman as foreman of your elisor grand jury. You are too familiar with the great amount of dastardly tricks resorted to in the Southland to deprive your brethren there of their vote for me to recite it here. But who can tell what is the meaning of the Southern sentiment here? And who can say what is the ultimate aim of the Wilson Democrats in your State?

"The cry of the Fusionists here is that the city is ruined by contractor councilmen and that you colored men should help the Fusionists to get the city out of the grasp of contract evil. But they have shown you no benefits you will derive from assisting to put the contracts in their grasp. Some of the same white men who now ask your vote, are the same fellows who signed the petition to keep you and your daughters from bathing on the beach. God in His all-wisdom made the sea large enough for every one to bathe without any one becoming contaminated. But is it not strange that these fellows should ask your support for their affront to the past?"

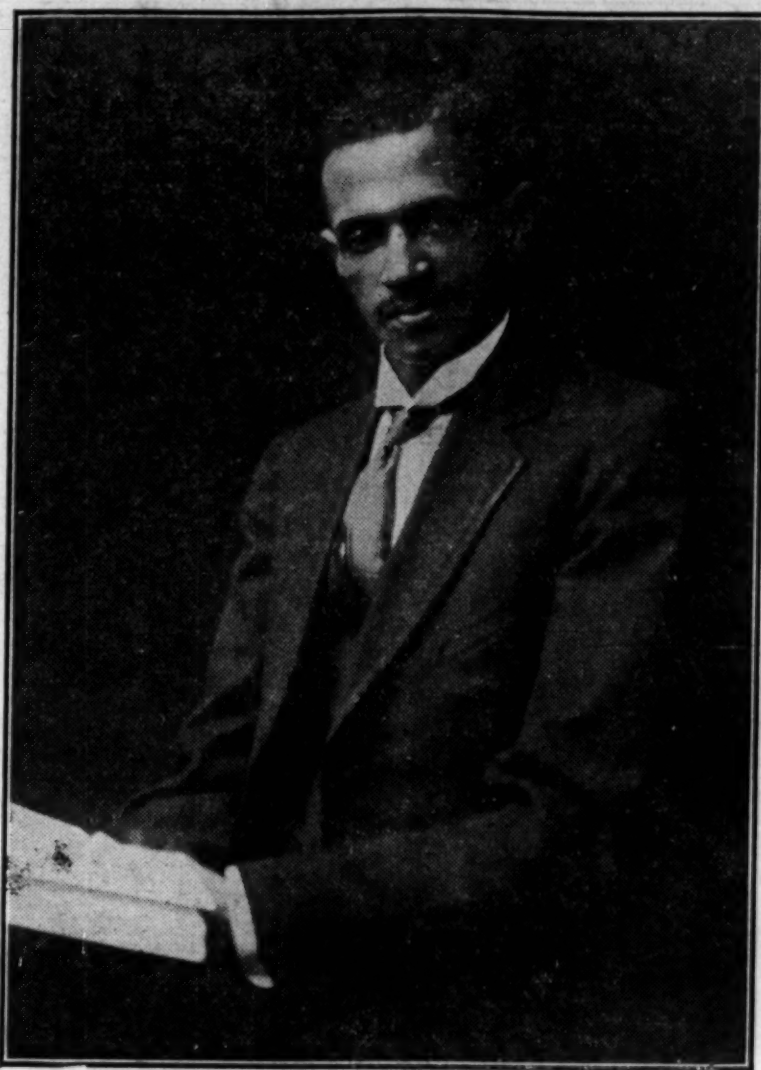
"Would you see your thirty policemen turned from the force? Would you see colored men dismissed from the payrolls of the city departments? If so, you will vote for Fusionists who have never assisted you. But if you would not, then you will vote for the men who have always proven your friends and placed the colored men there. You are so far removed from the ten million dollar contacts that are so gagging to the Fusionists, that it will take lightning speed thirty years to get you within the zone of the plums and graft connected therewith. To my mind, if that is all, they have advanced no reason why you should desert the party and follow Democrats. They could have discussed matters of vital interest to you. They could have had a plank in their platform promising a reduction of rents and an increase for the wages of you men as hotel employees. These they have ignored, but they are the questions in which you are mostly concerned."

After giving a brief outline of the progress of the party, the part taken by colored men, the editor took up Negro appointments under Republican administrations. He did not advise that the Negro vote must necessarily always be solid, but expressed himself as doubtful if they could ever afford to fuse with Democrats. The editor then read a portion of President Taft's address, delivered to the colored Republicans of California, which was printed in his paper, The Bee. He was loudly cheered and applauded.

In conclusion Lawyer Chase paid excellent tribute to the brilliant address of Dr. P. L. Hawkins, who is taking an active part in the campaign. He also made special mention of the pleasure it gave him to meet the colored men in the legal profession; and how pleased he was to see two young colored men, Lawyers Isaac H. Nutter, who is in charge of the campaign affairs so far as related to the colored voters, and James A. Lightfoot, both graduates of Howard University, with a suite of law offices connected with the ablest white attorney of New Jersey, the Hon. Judge J. Crandall, ex-judge of the Circuit Court. He also deplored the seeming lack of some particular man as the recognized leader, and implored the voters to push the young men forward. There were about three hundred or more white men in the audience.

LAST WEEK OF CAMPAIGN. Recorder H. Lincoln Johnson and Hon. Harry Cummings to Speak.

This is the last week of the campaign, one of the most strenuous waged in South Jersey for a long time. The elisor grand jury has gone its way, and the regular grand jury, appointed by our sheriff, has found indictments against the reform candidate for mayor, Daniel S. White, besides some six or seven other prominent men, including one colored physician, Dr. Edward B. Terry.



DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD.

GREATEST OF RACE THE COST OF WARS

DR. SHEPARD IN SCRANTON.

Delivers Three Addresses in the First Presbyterian Church, and Addresses the Y. M. C. A.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 30. One of the largest audiences ever assembled in Scranton greeted Dr. James E. Shepard, president of the National Religious Training School, Durham, N. C. Sunday morning and evening, at the First Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Shepard was introduced by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Griffin W. Bull, a native Virginian, in the following significant words: "To my mind, after a careful study of conditions, men, and the needs of the race, I am fully convinced that at present only three Negro leaders who have seen far enough the needs of the race and the vision of triumphs of tomorrow. One of these men is Dr. Booker T. Washington, whose life's story and work you heard from his own lips on this platform, another is Dr. James E. Shepard, whom you will hear this morning. It is a pleasure to welcome him to this pulpit and to give you the pleasure of hearing him."

In a matchless address of forty minutes, Dr. Shepard held the large audience spell bound as he made a plea for his race.

The Scranton Tribune, in speaking of the address in the evening said: "No finer plea for the elevation of the black man was ever made by one. Dr. Shepard discussed the needs of the race in Africa and how they were linked with the needs of the race in America."

At 3:30 Dr. Shepard addressed an immense audience of men in the Y. M. C. A. His visit to Scranton will be remembered.

On Friday night coming, the Hon. H. Lincoln Johnson, Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia, and Hon. Harry S. Cummings, Councilman of the City of Baltimore, will speak at Fitzgerald's Hall, and on the following evening former Governor Edwin Stokes will speak at the Steel Pier in the interest of the Republican party.

To Loyal True Reformers and the Public Generally.

From The Reformer. Mr. W. R. Griffin recently elected Grand Worthy Master of the Grand Fountain, U. O. T. R., has been sued for \$10,000 damages. Mr. Floyd Ross, Vice Grand Master, has been sued for a like amount.

The salaries of both of these gentlemen have been attached and a judgment against them will mean their financial ruin.

These suits grew out of the effort of Messrs. Griffin and Ross to capture R. T. Hill, the defaulting cashier of the Reformers' Bank, and was in the interest of hundreds of widows and orphans and poor depositors, scattered all over the United States.

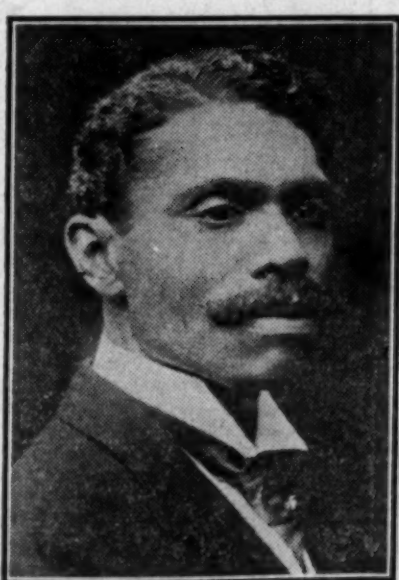
Whatever error these gentlemen may have committed was an error in favor of the people, and it is earnestly hoped they may not be made to suffer by reason of their activities.

The public is therefore asked to assist in raising a fund to carry on their defence. An amount sent to John Mitchell, Jr., Editor of "The Planet," or B. A. Graves, Editor of "The Reformer," will be faithfully applied to the purpose above mentioned. Subscriptions may also be made to any one having proper papers bearing the signature of General Counsel J. Thos. Newsome.

WHAT OUR WARS HAVE COST IN PENSIONS.

By Ralph W. Tyler.

During the Civil War 2,213,365 patriots, wearing the blue, fought in defense of the Federal flag. Of all those who entered that fierce and bloody internecine strife to maintain an undivided country, there are but 553,341 living to recount the battles from Bull Run to Appomattox. And of those 553,341 survivors all but 23,457 were bourn upon the Government's pension rolls at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1911. Last year 35,243 surviving pensioners of the Civil War had taps sounded for them, nearly 100 each day being summoned to take their place in the silent halls of death. Dying now at the rate of over six per cent per annum, and with the average age of those now surviving being three score and ten, in less than twenty years, perhaps, Congress will not be called upon to appropriate for pensioning of a single man who wore the blue from '61 to '65. Each year, because of advanced age, the per cent of deaths increases, and each year the ranks of the old veterans grow sorrowfully thin. For the fiscal year 1911 Congress appropriated \$157,500,000 to pay the country's war pensioners. This appropriation covered not alone the 529,884 survivors of the Civil War then carried on the rolls, but included pensioners from the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, the Indian wars, the war with Spain, and the regular establishment. There are now no survivors of the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812, who saw active service, but there are 279 widows of the 1812 veterans still living and drawing



AUDITOR RALPH W. TYLER.

ing pensions. Of the Indian wars there are 1,387 survivors and 2,629 widows on the pension rolls. Of the Mexican war there are 1,639 left who fought under the stars and stripes, with Scott and Taylor, against St. Anne still on our pension rolls, and 5,982 widows of the Mexican veterans still enjoying the bounty of the United States in the shape of pensions. Including mothers, fathers, widows, minor children, brothers and sisters under the act of 1907, and the pensioners from the war with Spain, and the pensioners of the regular army and navy establishment, this country, at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1911, was carrying on its pension rolls 892,098 pensioners. From the foundation of the government down to the close of the past fiscal year this government had paid

pensions to soldiers, sailors, their widows, children and dependent relatives, on account of military and naval service in the several wars and regular service, totaling the tremendous sum of \$4,230,381,730, surpassing any other government on the globe in its munificence to those who bore the heat of the battle. The war of the Revolution cast this government \$70,000,000 in pensions before the last survivor had bivouaced on the silent field of death; the war of 1812 has drawn \$45,853,024 in pensions from the government's treasury, and there are still 279 widows of veterans of that war on the pension rolls. The war with Mexico, to date, has cost the country \$45,270,686 in pensions; the Indian wars \$11,192,205, while the Civil War, to the close of the past fiscal year, had cost \$3,985,719,836 in pensions. The Spanish-American War, insurrection in the Philippine Islands, and the regular establishment makes up the difference to give this enormous total of \$4,230,381,730 in pensions paid by this government since its foundation.

REPUBLICAN RALLY AT THE SEA SHORE.

2,500 White and Colored Republicans Greet Editor Chase—Lawyer Nutter Introduces the Editor, Who is Given an Ovation—Taft's Speech Applauded.

Atlantic City, N. J., Oct. 29, 1911.

This city was all aglow last week. Everywhere could be seen posted placards, announcing the coming of W. Calvin Chase, Editor of The Washington Bee, would address the Republican mass meeting at Fitzgerald Hall.

Last evening about 2,500 white Republicans crowded Fitzgerald's great auditorium. This city contains a large number of Washingtonians, who were anxious to see and hear their old fellow townsman. Long before 8 o'clock the Atlantic City brass band entered the auditorium, and it was with difficulty the band entered the hall. Hundreds were turned away because the seating and standing capacity of the place were filled. Seated upon the platform were many of the candidates and other distinguished visitors. The chairman of the meeting was a distinguished white Republican, who presided with ease and dignity. The organizers were Attorney Isaac H. Nutter and Attorney James A. Lightfoot, two of the brightest and most progressive young men in Atlantic City. Speeches were delivered by some of the brightest and brainiest men in the place, especially the speeches of Dr. Donnelly, Rev. Thomas, and candidate for mayor Bacharach, and the other candidates on the regular Republican ticket. Messrs. Nutter and Lightfoot have thoroughly organized the city for their ticket, and it is quite evident that it will be elected. Editor W. Calvin Chase was introduced by Attorney Isaac H. Nutter in a most glowing and eloquent speech. It was full of eloquence and ginger, and before he concluded wild cries were made for Chase. Mr. Chase came forward and discussed the platforms of the two political parties from 1858 to 1908. He contrasted them all and showed that the Democratic party stood for nothing but oppression and discrimination, so far as the Negro was concerned. That he didn't believe in Democratic and Republican fusion as it exists in this city. It means nothing. Whenever our friends desert us and join the enemy, you must watch them both. The Democratic party has never stood for anything that would advance Negro American citizenship. Mr. Chase asked permission to read Mr. Taft's speech, delivered to the colored citizens of California, which is printed in his paper and the New York Age. Cries were made for Mr. Taft's speech. Mr. Chase proceeded and read the salient points in the address, which was received with great enthusiasm and applause at the conclusion. This was the largest meeting that has ever been held in the auditorium during the campaign.

N. C. STATE FAIR AT RALEIGH. 10,000 People Greet Dr. Shepard, Who Delivers the Annual Address Thursday, October 27. (Special to The Bee.) The Raleigh News and Observer, the leading white paper of the State, says: "The annual address of Dr. Shepard was an excellent one. Every sentence was filled with common sense and should be read by every Negro in the State. The crowd was the largest in years, and will long be remembered."

This paper devotes two columns to the address. The fair management deserves much commendation for the success of the fair.

Attorney Armond W. Scott, of Washington, was a distinguished visitor.

AUDITOR TYLER.

Prof. L. M. Hershaw is indebted to Auditor Ralph W. Tyler for his promotion. Auditor Tyler never fails to assist a worthy and competent man, white or colored.

WHICH? From The Amsterdam News.

Which shall it be, William E. Loeb or John D. Hilles for chairman of the National Republican Campaign Committee? It depends upon whether you are talking to Collector Anderson or Auditor Tyler. In either case the colored people could feel that they had a friend in the master of the house. In either case the colored people would likely curtail their fishing for 1912.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

The late Bishop Handy leaves an estate valued at \$20,000, of which Bishop J. Albert Johnson is to be executor.

It is said of the thirteen daily newspapers in New York only three are in full sympathy and are supporting President Taft's administration.

The Mound Bayou Demonstrator says: "A book upon manners and morals would not be out of place in the course of study in the public schools." Good suggestion.

Former friends and admirers from all over the United States attended the unveiling of a statue in honor of Robert G. Ingersoll, in Peoria, Ill. The statue is of bronze, and stands seven feet in height on a granite pedestal.

Simon Wolf, one of the best known lawyers of this city, a philanthropist, sociologist, statesman and author, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday October 28. He is one of the most widely known Hebrews in the world.

Washington's public schools will be not only the best in this country, but the best in the world, if the purpose of Dr. W. M. Davidson, superintendent of schools, expressed at a reception tendered him by the Nebraska State Society, are carried out. The finest collection of old manuscripts in Paris was bought by J. Pierpont Morgan last week. The manuscripts are of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Many are in Latin and some in French. The price paid was \$200,000.

The famous Rembrandt painting "Knight of the Cross," which had been missing for fifty years, has been found, in the royal castle of Fredensberg.

Mrs. Katherine S. Macquoid, the novelist, who is eighty-seven years of age, has written a new book. Mrs. Macquoid has been writing for fifty years. Her first story was published in 1850. Her latest novel, entitled "Suzanne," has just been completed.

According to "The Clarion," the colored children in Augusta, Ga., are to receive hereafter only industrial training in the eighth grade. This is carrying industrialism too far.

The segregation law was given a hard blow in Norfolk, Va., by the judge there, when Ocie Johnson, colored, was arrested for violating the segregation ordinance. The decision was: "The ordinance in my opinion being unconstitutional, I dismiss the case." We still have some white friends. The case, it is said, may finally go to the Supreme Court for settlement.

Continental currency notes were in July 1870 worth two cents on the dollar, and it took a wagon load of currency to buy a wagon load of provisions.

The entire student body of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College offered open rebellion to a faculty rule requiring more practical and less theoretical work. President Dudley was forced to call upon the police to enforce his ultimatum.

At the North Carolina State convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held at Winston, \$750,000 was contributed toward the erection of the Lee monument, to be erected in Arlington Cemetery.

Christ Church, in Boston Mass., from the steeple of which lights were hung which sent Paul Revere on his ride through Middlesex, will be closed for a year, while improvements are being made.

Liberia is soon to become in possession of \$65,850 from the American Colonization Society, of this city, for educational purposes, which is a part of the Donovan Fund. About thirty years ago this fund was left by a well-wisher of Liberia, who directed that the money be used for transporting colored people to Liberia and in the interest of education.

Miss Bessie Bruington has been appointed a teacher in the city schools in Los Angeles, Cal. She will be the first colored teacher in the local schools there. Her salary will be \$80 per month.

Servant Problem.

That one of the means of solving the servant problem lies within the dignity of the labor and urging employees to be truthful at all times to employer, formed the basis of an address delivered by Dr. C. W. Childs before the pupils of the Garnet Night School last evening. The night schools, said Dr. Childs, afford an opportunity which but few institutions afford the race without cost. By persistent hammering and earnestness, common sense and good character, the race is bound to succeed. "We should all become masters in our special lines of labor," he said. "If you black a boot, black that boot so that everybody will come to you to have theirs blacked. If you brush off a coat, brush that coat as it never had been brushed before. If you are a cook, cook that meal so that the employer will always want his meals cooked by you. And above all, be truthful to your employer." The speaker also urged the men to be more thrifty. Dr. Childs brought forth loud applause when he condemned those able-bodied men who allowed women to toil for them and support them.

THE DANCE OF THE BUTTERFLIES.

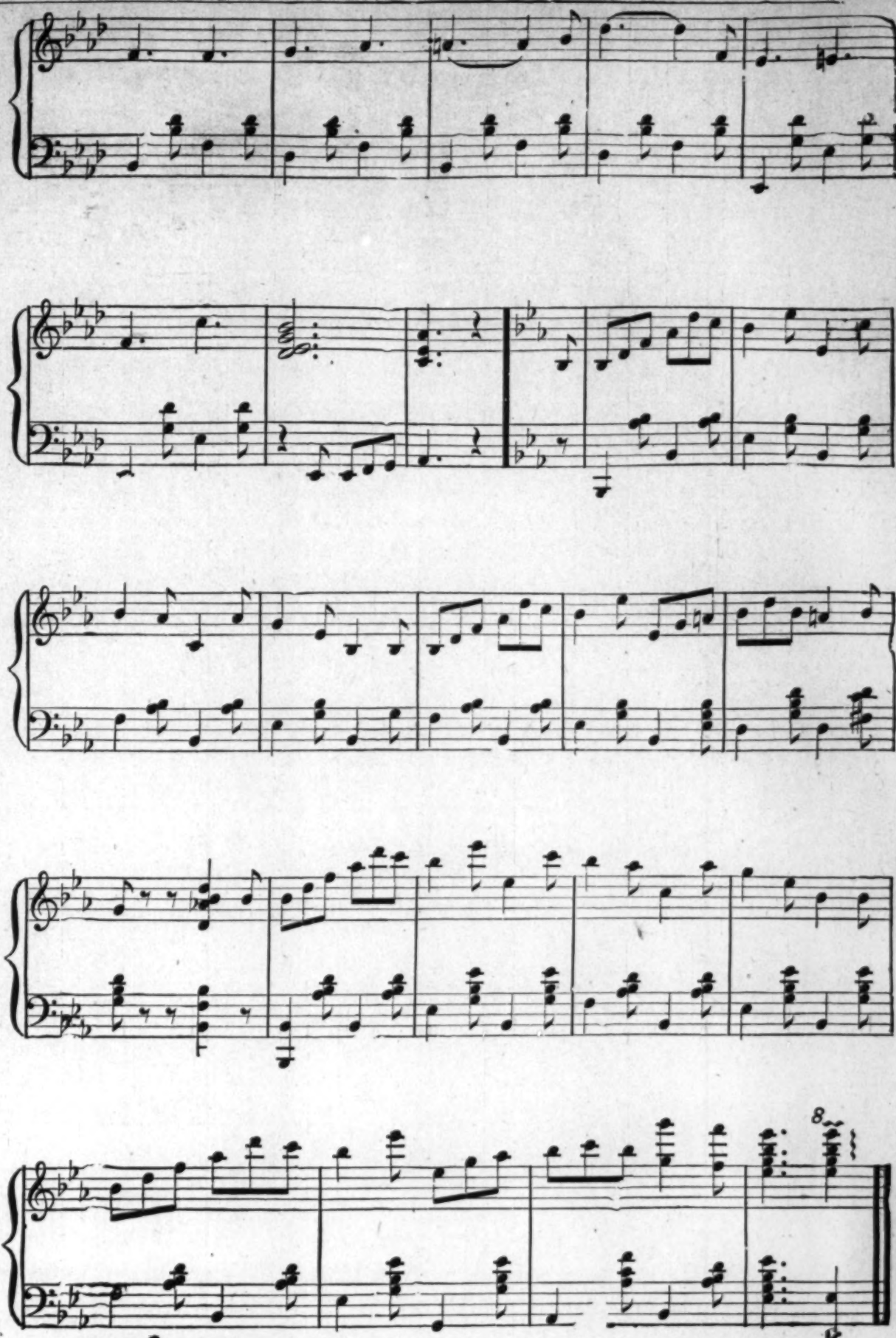
(„Schmetterlings-Tanz“.)

As played by Bents Celebrated Orchestra.

Mrs. Amelia A. Meyers.



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The Dance of the Butterflies. 200-20 D

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W. B. Naform and Erect Form Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, \$1.00 upwards to \$5.00 per pair.

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Suspender Anatomy.

Suppose that instead of being provided with a frictionless ball and socket joint, your arms had to stretch a muscle or ligament every time you moved them. You would be tired out long before bed time.

Now consider—if you wear the ordinary suspenders you must "stretch rubber" every time you move—it's tiresome.

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are made with a sliding cord that moves through frictionless tubes, just as your body moves, and as freely; it imitates nature's provision for freedom of motion—it gives comfort to your body and durability to the suspenders. Doesn't this appeal to you as being a sensible reason for wearing the Shirley President Suspenders?

Light, Medium and Heavy Weights. Extra lengths for tall men. Sold by all dealers or by mail direct, 50 cents.

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TILDEN'S CURIOUS BLUNDER.

Loosely Drawn Stipulations That Invalidated His Charitable Trust Bequest—President Polk's Will, Written by Himself, Nullified.

Whether the old saying that "a lawyer who tries his own case has a fool for a client" is applicable to Samuel J. Tilden in the matter of drawing his will is not known. It was thought for some time that the will was drawn, or at least approved, by Charles O'Connor and James C. Carter, two of the most eminent lawyers in New York, but later statements, says Case and Comment, are to the effect that they had nothing at all to do with the will, and consequently it is not definitely known who was responsible for it.

It would hardly seem possible that Mr. Tilden himself could have made such a mistake had he been acting for some one else. The statement has been made that Mr. Tilden had some doubts as to the validity of those clauses which the court subsequently condemned and had spoken to Mr. Carter about it, but nothing more came of it.

In summing up the provisions of the Tilden will the court in holding it invalid stated that the testator in substance said: "I have determined to devote my estate to charitable, educational and scientific purposes. I have formed no detailed plan how that purpose can be executed, but under the law of New York it must be done through and by means of a corporation. I request you to cause to be incorporated an institution to be called the 'Tilden trust' with capacity to maintain a free library and reading room in the city of New York, and such other educational and scientific objects as you shall designate, and if you deem it expedient—that is, if you think it advisable and the fit and proper thing to do—convey to that institution all or such part of my residuary estate as you choose, and if you do not think that course advisable then apply it to such charitable, educational and scientific purposes as in your judgment will most substantially benefit mankind."

It will be noted that the discretion of the trustees was indefinite both as to the amount which they were to give to the corporation to be formed and also as to whether they should give any at all to the incorporation, and the validity of the bequest was denied upon the ground of this complete discretionary power to convey or not to convey to the suggested beneficiary.

The trustees procured the incorporation of the "Tilden trust" and elected to convey to it the entire property, but the court held that the invalidity of the charitable trust because of its uncertainty could not be cured by anything done by the trustees to execute it.

In striking contrast with the Tilden will is that of his contemporary in law and politics, Roscoe Conkling, the text of which is as follows: "I, Roscoe Conkling of Utica, make, publish and declare my last will and testament as follows: I give, devise and bequeath to my wife Julia and to her heirs and assigns forever all my property and estate, whether real or mixed, and I constitute and appoint my said wife sole executrix of this my last will." It would undoubtedly take a better lawyer than even Mr. Conkling to break his will.

In passing upon the validity of the will of President James K. Polk a Tennessee court of chancery said: "This will was written by the testator with his own hand in the executive mansion at Washington at a time when he was president of the United States. He was a lawyer of recognized ability, had filled many high public offices with distinction and reflected great honor upon his state. His will was witnessed by a law partner and a senator in congress and named as executor one of the justices of the supreme court of the United States. It comes to us with the impression of having been carefully thought out before it was formally put down and published as his last testament."

Among other provisions his home, known as Polk Place, situated in the city of Nashville, was given to his wife for life, and upon her death it was bequeathed to the state of Tennessee in trust to be occupied and enjoyed "by such one of my blood relatives having the name of Polk as may be designated by the said state," and if there were no blood relatives of that name then "by such other of my blood relations as may be designated by the said state to execute this trust."

The occupant was to keep the same in repair and prevent it from dilapidating or falling into decay, to pay the taxes and to preserve and keep in repair "the tomb which may be placed or erected over the mortal remains of my beloved wife and myself and shall not permit the same to be removed nor any buildings or other improvements be placed or erected over the spot where said tomb may be."

This will was declared invalid as tending to establish a perpetuity. It was not a gift for public charity and was merely an attempt to retain the property for the use of the blood relatives of the testator.

How easy it is for one to suggest a sure way for some one else to manage a troublesome affair!

NOT A GAME OF CHANCE.

After a Test the Jury Decided That Seven-up Was Decidedly Scientific.

One of Mark Twain's old time stories concerned the game of seven-up, or old sledge. Some Kentucky boys were arrested for playing this game under the usual charge of playing a game of chance. When they were brought before the judge their lawyer claimed that this game was not a game of chance, but was a game of science. The court, puzzled, asked for a suggestion, and the lawyer declared that if a jury of six gamblers well acquainted with the game in a scientific way and six deacons be impeached with a pack of cards their decision ought to be determinative. So the story goes:

"There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. Four deacons and the two dominies were sworn in as the 'chance' jurymen, and six inveterate old seven-up professors were chosen to represent the 'science' side of the issue. They retired to the jury room."

"In about two hours Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow \$3 from a friend. In about two hours more Dominie Miggles sent into court to borrow a 'stake' from a friend. During the next three or four hours the dominie and the other deacons sent into court for small loans."

"The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following verdict:

"We, the jury in the case of the commonwealth of Kentucky versus John Wheeler et al., have carefully considered the points of the case and tested the merits of the several theories advanced and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge, or seven-up, is eminently a game of science and not of chance. In demonstration whereof it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, reiterated, set forth and made manifest that during the entire night the 'chance' men never won a game or turned a jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition, and furthermore in support of this our verdict we call attention to the significant fact that the 'chance' men are all broke and the 'science' men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the 'chance' theory concerning seven-up is a pernicious doctrine and calculated to inflict untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it."

SLEEPING SICKNESS.

The Grip This Dreadful Disease Takes Upon Its Victims.

The course of the dreadful disease, sleeping sickness, is an extremely slow one. The first stage is said to last a year or more, and the cause of the disease may be in the blood long before any symptoms whatever present themselves. The patient has occasional fever; indeed, a disease hitherto called Gambia fever has recently been recognized as the first stage of sleeping sickness. It is said that the swelling of the lymphatic glands of the neck is a characteristic early symptom. This was known in 1803 to Dr. Winterbottom, who states that slave traders, recognizing the symptom of a fatal disease, would not buy slaves who had this glandular enlargement. The patient feels well and strong and is able to go about his usual occupations.

The second stage is indicated by a distinct change in the appearance of the patient. His expression grows heavy and dull; he becomes apathetic, lies around a great deal and cannot exert himself. With the progress of the disease these symptoms become more marked; walking and speech become difficult and finally impossible. During the last week the sufferer lies in a state of complete coma, from which the illness derives its name. Often during the second stage of the disease the brain becomes affected, and some of the patients try to run away into the forests or swamps, where they die of exposure or starvation. To prevent this the relatives of a sufferer frequently chain him down until the time comes when he can no longer move.—McClure's Magazine.

Some Famous Men of Old.

The "nine worthies" were Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus, Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, King Arthur of Britain, Charlemagne of France and Godfrey of Bouillon. The list varies somewhat, but this is the most popular one. The "seven wise men of Greece" were Solon, Thales, Pittacus, Bias, Cleobolus, Myson and Chelion of Sparta. The supposition is, of course, that these were not the only wise men in Greece, but the wisest.—New York American.

Waiting For Him.

"Yes, mum," said Poetic Pete as he twined an autumn leaf through his buttonhole. "I am a great lover of the romantic. I stopped at his gate because I saw a sign 'Idlewood.'"

"You did?" approved the housewife.

"Well, there is a lot of idle wood down at the wood pile. Just take this ax and split up half a cord."—Chicago News.

A Greater Attraction.

Herr Harden told of a meeting at Gasten between William I. and Francis Joseph. The Austrian sovereign commented impatiently on the too pressing attentions of the crowd. "It won't last long," returned his ally soothingly. "Bismarck will be here directly, and then no one will look at us."—London Spectator.

A mere madness to live like a wretch and die rich.—Burton.

COLOR AND SOUND.

Hues That Humans Cannot See and Tones Louder Than Thunder That Are Unheard.

The primary colors shown in the rainbow vary from red to blue and violet, and the vibrations or lengths of the light waves that give us violet grow shorter and shorter and at length give us red. These vibrations can be measured. One day, quite by chance, I came across the statement that there were innumerable light waves longer than those which give violet. At once the question sprang, Were these longer waves represented by colors which we don't see, colors for which we have no name, colors of which we can form no conception? And was the same thing true of the waves which, growing shorter and shorter, give us the sensation of red? There is room, of course, for myriads of colors beyond this other extremity of our vision. A little study convinced me that my guess was right, for all the colors which we see are represented to our sense of feeling in degrees of heat; that is, blue shows one reading on the thermometer and red a higher reading, and by means of this new standard I discovered that man's range of vision is not even placed in the middle of the register of heat, but occupies a little space far up toward the warmer extremity of it. There are thousands of degrees of color lower than blue and hundreds of degrees of heat above red. All these gradations are doubtless represented by colors which no human eye can perceive, no human mind imagine. It is with sight as with sound. We know now that there are noises louder than thunder which we cannot hear, the roar that lies on the other side of silence. We men are poor restless prisoners, hemmed in by our senses as by the walls of a cell, hearing only a part of nature's orchestra and that part imperfectly; seeing only a thousandth part of the color marvels about us and seeing that infinitesimal part incorrectly and partially.—Forum.

THE DEATH OF A CZAR.

Dramatic Story of the Way Nicholas I. Committed Suicide.

There are various stories of the death of the Czar Nicholas I. Here is one which the great singer Mario heard from a doctor of the court and which is told in "The Romance of a Great Singer."

"When the Russian army was meeting with reverse after reverse in the Crimean war the czar sent for his doctor and demanded to know which was the quickest and most painless poison that he knew of, bluntly telling the startled physician that he had resolved to commit suicide. He further warned the doctor in the stern manner which was his characteristic that if he were not obeyed the doctor's life would be worthless. He sharply silenced the man's nervous remonstrances and commanded him to bring the poison. The doctor did not dare to refuse and a few minutes later brought a small vial containing the poison, which he assured the czar would deprive any one of existence in a few minutes. To be sure that he had been obeyed and that the doctor was speaking the truth the czar obliged him to remain in the room warning him that if the poison failed his life should answer for it. The czar took the poison without the least tremor or the movement of a muscle, and, although twice told by the doctor, who held his watch in his hand, that there was time to save him by an antidote should he alter his mind, the czar refused, answering the second entreaty by simply waving the man away, he by that time being unable to speak. It was given out that the czar had died from the effects of a severe chill, but those who knew the facts also knew that he had committed suicide rather than face the defeat of his army."

Carlyle an Intemperate Smoker.

For about seventy of his eighty-six years Carlyle smoked and made most of his contemporaries smoke. The trouble with him was that he was too fond of smoking a rank pipe on an empty stomach. That gave him pains and his contemporaries particular pains, for "paul auld Carlyle" was as savage as a meat house dog all the time. He cared for but two men in the world, Tennyson and Dickens. All the rest were "paul, feeble, reckless, intemperate bladders and gas bags," and all because Tom did not know how to clean his pipe and keep it clean and would smoke before breakfast.—Tobacco Leaves.

Breaking the Sabbath.

Two Scots, one old and the other young, set out one bright winter Sunday morning to walk ten miles to kirk. The sun shone gloriously. The frozen road rang under their feet. The cold, pure air was as exhilarating as wine. The younger Scot looked up at the glittering blue sky and said:

"It's a fine day."

The older man frowned and answered:

"Aye, it is a fine day, but is this a day to be talking about days?"

Doubtful Vocalism.

"There is only one trouble about a Chinese cook," said the man from the west.

"What is that?"

"You can never tell whether he is singing at his work or whether he is burnt himself and is moaning with pain."—Washington Star.

A Friendly Suggestion.

Baron (to creditors)—I see no hopes of being able to pay what I owe you. Why not organize a suicide club?—Mezzendorfer Blätter.

MIGHTY ARCTURUS.

W This Star Were Our Sun 't Would Instantly Consume the Earth.

The parallax of a star is its angular displacement as seen from two opposite points on the earth's orbit. The base line employed in this gigantic species of surveying is 186,000,000 miles in length, but the calculation is reduced to the semidiameter of the orbit. The results are at the same time amazing and instructive.

Let us take the famous star Arcturus, often called the "star of Job" because in the Old Testament the Almighty is represented as saying to the unfortunate patriarch, who maintains a certain dignity in spite of his helplessness and his sufferings, "Canst thou call forth Arcturus and his sons?"

Many conflicting measures of the parallax of Arcturus have been made, but the latest made at Yale seem more probably correct than their predecessors. They fix the parallax at 0.066 seconds—i. e., sixty-six one-thousandths of a second of arc. From this it is easy to calculate the distance of the star. It comes out at nearly 290,000,000,000,000 miles (two hundred and ninety trillion miles). This is more than 3,000,000 times the distance of the earth from the sun.

Having this distance, we can calculate the actual amount of light shed by Arcturus, or, in other words, its actual brightness as compared with that of our sun, on the supposition that both were at the same distance from us. We thus find that Arcturus exceeds the sun as a light giver about 2,500 times! It is a sun 2,500 times brighter than ours.

Put the earth as near to Arcturus as it is to the sun and all life would disappear from its surface as if swept off by a blast of inconceivable heat. The summer temperature would rise to tens of thousands of degrees. The oceans would boil away. Vegetation would be burned up in a twinkling. The eyes of living beings would char in their sockets. The plains and mountains would burst into flame. Minerals would run in molten streams. There would be no comfort for a living world nearer to Arcturus than about 4,000,000,000 miles. If he has planets he must keep them at a respectful distance. And yet nearly 300,000,000,000,000 miles from him we can look into his blazing eye and see only a bright star.

Still, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace maintains that this little earth, this tiny attendant of a tiny sun, is the only seat of intelligent life—outside of the misty midregion of disembodied spirits—that the universe contains, and Dr. Wallace is a learned man. But his learning is not that which astronomy offers.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

Unavoidable Delay.

A woman went before the magistrate and modestly inquired:

"Your honor, can I have a warrant for the arrest of my husband? He boxed my ears yesterday."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied the judge. "I will make out a warrant on the ground of assault and personal injuries."

"Can I fetch the warrant in about a month?"

"In a month? Why won't you take it at once?"

"Please, your honor, when my husband slapped my face I took my rolling pin and hit him on the head so that he had to be removed to the hospital. The doctors say, however, that he will be on his legs again in a month."

Discrediting an Astrologer.

A certain king, says a tale from the Persian, asked an astrologer, "How many years of life remain to me?" The wise man replied, "Ten." The king became very despondent and betook himself, as one stricken with a sickness, to his bed. His vizier, who possessed great wisdom, sent for the seer and in the king's presence asked him, "How many years have you to live?" He replied, "Twenty." The vizier ordered that he should that very hour be executed in the king's presence. The king was satisfied and commended the sagacity of his minister and no longer attached any importance to the astrologer's saying.

Getting Into German.

In the use of legal terms the German lawyer's gain in a saving of number of words over our equivalent expressions seems to be lost in multiplication of syllables in the words used by him. For example, he says "Zurückbehaltungsrecht" for "right of lien" and "gesammelteverbindlichkeiten" for "liabilities of common property." What an awful word he must have as an equivalent for our "impresscriptibility."—Docket.

Rung in an Actor.

"How did you enjoy the vaudeville performance?"

"It was good. They had performing cats, a baseball player, a champion pugilist, a trained cockatoo, and, I give you my word, they even had an actor doing a turn."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Fanciest Ever.

"New Boarder—Haven't you got any fancy dishes here? Rural Landlord—Sure thing. Mame, bring the gentleman that mustache cup your grandfather used to use.—Puck.

A Way They Have.

People are forever striving to get things for nothing and then failing to appreciate them because they didn't cost anything.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HIS DOLLAR BILL.

His Charitable Endeavor Was Not Appreciated, and the Bill Was Pocketed by Another.

Diplomacy doesn't always work, as a certain kind, hearted business man in West Philadelphia has just found out. He says that the lesson was cheap at the price, but at the same time he will employ more direct methods next time he wishes to play the philanthropist.

It happened on the subway the other night. He had just closed a real estate deal at considerable profit and was feeling very generous, so when he saw a poor woman in a threadbare dress carefully count out five pennies for her ticket and saw that it was the last money in her worn pocketbook he determined to help her. Of course it wasn't easy, but the man prides himself upon being a diplomat. So, crumpling a dollar bill up in his hand, he stooped over as if picking something up and then, holding it out to the woman, said:

"Madam, here is some money you dropped." He tried to smile significantly as he said it, but she didn't seem to understand and said simply:

"Tain't mine."

"You'd better take it," he said. "It isn't mine, and it was lying right by you."

The woman shook her head at first, then took it slowly out of his hand and looked at it glancingly. The man smiled, well pleased with himself, but an instant later the woman, seeing a man looking down at the platform, rushed up and cried, "Was you looking for a dollar bill?"

"I sure was," answered the man promptly.

"Well, here it is," said the woman, and the man with a delighted "Oh, thanks!" calmly pocketed the sum and walked away.—Philadelphia Times.

FIRE EATERS.

The Trick of Breathing Flames and Sparks From the Mouth.

Fire tricks were practiced in very ancient times. The first known fire breather was a Syrian slave named Eunus, a leader in the Servile war in Sicily, 130 B. C. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods. When desirous of inspiring his followers with courage he breathed flames and sparks from his mouth.

In order to accomplish this feat Eunus pierced a nutshell at both ends, and, having filled it with some burning substance, he put it in his mouth and breathed through it. The same trick is performed today in a more approved manner. The performer rolls some flax or hemp into a ball about the size of a walnut, which he lets burn until it is nearly consumed. Then he rolls around it more flax while it is still burning. By this means the fire is retained in the ball for a long time. He slips this ball into his mouth unperceived and breathes through it. His breath revives the fire, and he sustains no injury so long as he inhales only through his nostrils.

Various theories have been advanced to account for other feats of this sort performed by the ancients. An old ordeal was the holding of a redhot iron by the accused, who was not burned if he were innocent. Probably some protective paste was used on the hands. The peculiar property of mineral salts, such as alum, in protecting articles of dress from fire has long been known. An old Milanese devised a costume consisting of a cloth covering for the body which had been steeped in alum. A metallic dress of wire gauze was added to this, and thus protected a man might walk on hot iron.—Harper's.

London's Dramatic Censors.

London has had its absurd dramatic censors even if it cannot quite come up to Vienna. Colley Cibber in his autobiography tells us of one master of the revels who was responsible for the licensing of plays in those days expunging the whole first act of "Richard III." on the ground that the distresses of Henry VI. would remind weak people of King James, then living in France. In fact, Shakespeare has more than once been censored, for "King Lear" was inhibited during the illness of George III. George Colman when reader of plays banned the use of such words as angel and heaven.—London Chronicle.

To Make Him Sleep.

"Unfit for duty because of insomnia" was the record of a New York policeman for several weeks.

Inspector Byrnes sent for the man and gave him a little bit of advice, thus: "Tonight, about midnight, put on your uniform, belt, hat, revolver, take night stick in hand and go to some corner house. Lean against it, and lean against it hard, as if you were really on duty. You'll go to sleep, all right."—New York Tribune.

No Skill Required.

Litigant—Your fee is outrageous. Why, it's more than three-fourths of what I recovered. Lawyer—I furnished the skill and the legal learning for your case. Litigant—But I furnished the case. Lawyer—Oh, anybody can fall down a coal hole!—Boston Transcript.

Alarmed Her.

Servant—Heavens! I have knocked the big flowerpot off the window ledge and it struck a man on the head. Mistress—What! My beautiful majolica!—Fleisende Blätter.

We may forgive those who bore us. We cannot forgive those whom we bore.—La Rochefoucauld.

RUSSIA'S JESTER.

Balakireff Is the Joe Miller of the Muscovites.

HIS WIT TICKLES THE BEAR.

He Was the Court Fool That Many a Time Braved the Anger of Peter the Great—His Miracle of the Sword and a Wondrous Deed of Daring.

Every nation has its typical jester, around whom crystallize all the floating stories of a people. Thus England has its Joe Miller, Germany its Till Eulenspiegel, Italy its Punchinello, the orient its Nasreddin el Khoja and Russia its Balakireff. Like Joe Miller, the last was a real character, though not all the jokes credited to him were his own. Some were inventions of a later age; others were borrowed from the past. He shares the credit for many of the latter with Joe Miller and Eulenspiegel.

History records that Balakireff was the favorite jester of Peter the Great. Tradition represents him as the constant companion of that czar, frequently exercising his wit at royal expense. One day, for example, a cousin of his had fallen under the czar's displeasure and was sentenced to death. Balakireff undertook to obtain a reprieve. The czar guessed his errand even before he opened his mouth.

"No!" he cried. "Tis no use your coming here. I swear that I will not grant what you are going to ask!"

Balakireff dropped at once to his knees. "Peter Alexievitch," he cried, "I pray you, put to death that scamp of a cousin of mine!"

Peter, thus caught in his own trap, had no choice but to laugh and send a pardon to the culprit.

On another occasion Balakireff asked that he might be enrolled among his master's domestic guards. Peter consented for the sake of the joke, but warned his jester that death was the penalty if any officer of the guards absented himself from his post or mislaid his sword. Then to test the volunteer he sent him up a dragon of wine to "moisten his commission." Balakireff, as was expected, drank to the intoxicating point. While he was sleeping off his debauch the czar himself crept into the room and carried off his sword from the scabbard. Balakireff, though badly scared, on awaking made shift to replace the missing weapon with his own wooden imitation of the guardsman's sword. He was called to parade next morning, when Peter feigned hot indignation at the untidiness of one of the guards. "Captain Balakireff," he cried at last, "draw your sword and cut off the head of that sloven!"

Balakireff cast his eyes up to heaven. "Oh, merciful God," he prayed, "grant that my sword may turn into wood before I use it on one of my own fellow soldiers!"

And, lo, when he unsheathed it the blade stood revealed as a wooden one. Peter laughed heartily at the knave's presence of mind and restored him to favor.

A more serious offense resulted in the banishment of the jester. "Never dare to appear again on Russian soil!" stormed the emperor. Judge then of Peter's surprise when, a week later, he beheld his old favorite coolly driving a cart past the palace.

"How dare you disobey me?" shouted the enraged monarch. "Did I not forbid you ever to show yourself on Russian soil?"

"Nay," replied Balakireff, "I have not disobeyed you. This is not Russian soil."

"How say you—not Russian soil?" "Truly not. This cartload of earth on which I am sitting is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day."

Again the czar laughed uproariously and readmitted his buffoon to favor. Some historians add that when he heard the excuse he said, "If Finland be Swedish soil now it shall be Russian before long," a threat he was not slow to fulfill.

This story, however, was an old one long before the time of Balakireff. It forms the twenty-seventh adventure of Till Eulenspiegel, who is reputed to have died in 1350. Having offended the Duke of Lunenburg, Till was "forbidden the land." He purchased a shilling's worth of earth to fill his cart with, and, being duly challenged by the duke, he answered:

"My gracious lord, I am not in your land, but in mine own, wherein I do sit. I bought it of a boor for a shilling. And rightfully could he sell it, for from his forefathers he inherited it. So is this truly my land."

At the close of one of Czar Peter's campaigns Balakireff overheard some Russian officers boasting of exploits they had performed.

"Nay," he cried, "I can tell a better story than any of you." And, being pressed for the story, he continued:

"Never have I liked this modern way of fighting all in a body together. Surely it would be more manly for each to stand by himself. Therefore went I out alone in search of adventures. One day while reconnoitering near the enemy's outposts I espied a Swedish soldier lying on the ground. Before he could rise and give the alarm I rushed upon him and with one blow from my sword cut off his right foot."

"You fool!" cried one of his auditors. "Why did you not cut off his head?"

"So would I have done," retorted Balakireff, "except that somebody else had already done it."—Washington Star.

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HARRY BACHARACH.

No man can well afford to repu-
diate a man who has been loyal
to his every trust. No voter can
afford to vote against his friend or
a man who believes in according
to every citizen his civil and politi-
cal rights. The record of the man
who is a candidate for mayor of
Atlantic City should be the people's
choice, because he believes in hu-
man rights. He believes in the
liberty and independence of voters,
regardless of color or condition or
religious creed.

It is dangerous to change exist-
ing conditions in this city, if those
conditions are a benefit to the
masses. The colored voters of At-
lantic City should be guided by a
sense of reason. They should stop
and consider to what extent a change
would benefit them. If the outs in-
tend to give them more recognition
than what they are now receiving,
if our school facilities are to be in-
creased, if promotions are to be
made in our police department,
then the colored voters would be
justified in making a change in ex-
isting conditions. But, can a fusion
ticket be trusted or relied on?
When Republicans and Democrats
combine to defeat our friends, is it
not time for the colored voters to
open their eyes? The colored
voters of this city owe it to them-
selves to have a watchful eye of
their surroundings. They should
let the fusion ticket see that the
colored voters are citizens above
reproach, and are entitled to recog-
nition according to merit. Our
voting strength must be reckoned
with. We should no longer be the
"drawers of water and hewers of
wood."

Mr. Bacharach is a most honora-
ble man. The colored Republicans of
Atlantic City could not elect a more
honorable man to office than this
young Republican. It is evident
that he is strong with the Republi-
can voters of Atlantic City, as at
the meeting held Saturday evening
in the Fitzgerald Auditorium, in
which 2,500 white and colored Re-
publicans had assembled, only two
opposing men in the meeting were
in evidence. The speech of Presi-
dent Taft, which appeared in The
Bee last week, was read by the
Editor, Mr. Chase, amidst great en-
thusiasm. While there may be
some independents among the col-
ored voters, it was evident that Mr.
Taft's speech to the colored Republi-
can voters of California had the
same effect on the colored voters of
Atlantic City.

Attorneys Isaac H. Nutter and
James A. Lightfoot, the two Re-
publican leaders, seem to have the
situation well in hand. Mr. Nutter
is a brilliant orator and a man of
ability. Mr. Lightfoot is an astute
politician, and a man who has the
confidence and respect of his fellow
citizens. Both, Messrs. Nutter and
Lightfoot, if they succeed in elect-
ing their ticket, will certainly es-
tablish their leadership in the State
of New Jersey. There are quite a
number of Washingtonians in At-
lantic City, and the Editor of The
Bee extends his hearty thanks and
appreciation given him by the Republicans
of the city, when he was introduc-
ed by Attorney Nutter.

WORLD GROWING BETTER.

Those pessimists who think
these times are the worst in the
history of the republic, and who
think the world is surely growing
worse, ought to be reminded that
Washington, an hundred years ago,
used most extravagant language in
expressing the conditions of the
times then; that Jefferson predicted
the Union would soon go to
pieces, and that John Randolph
thanked God that he had no chil-

dren to follow him in a country
which he said was growing worse
and worse. The fact is the world
is rapidly growing better, in spite
of the blotches, here and there, that
mar the erstwhile fair picture of
the present. The millenium has
not arrived, and perhaps will not
arrive during our lives, but there
is a cleansing process that is slowly,
but surely, removing the stains, and
a fire of purification that is consum-
ing the evils that were and that are.
Our race should not be discouraged
because now and then a brutal, law-
defying mob lynches some defense-
less Negro. We can look back but
a few short years when millions
of us were in abject and hopeless
servitude; when hundreds were
whipped to death almost daily by
brutal slave-drivers, and more re-
cently when the klu-klux clan
nightly put to death scores on the
very land which is now the broad,
fertile, produce-bearing acres of
people who are next of kin to the
slave-driver's victims, and to those
innocent blacks whose blood the
klu-klux clan spilt, and to the more
than an hundred thousand blacks
whose blood dyed, and bones fer-
tilized many a southern battle field.
All that is necessary now to accel-
erate the world's growing better
is education and industry. Prayers
are alright in their place, but God
never answered the prayer of the
lazy, who prayed for indolence, nor
heard the songs of righteousness
when sung by men and women who
lacked ambition and courage to
tear away the barriers to progress.
We do not mean that we should
be satisfied with present conditions,
but on the contrary we should
struggle daily to improve yester-
day's condition, and the condition
existing today. The men, or peo-
ple, who are satisfied with their
condition today. The men, or peo-
ple, who are satisfied with their
condition at an time, no matter how
good, are of little value to any
community.

INSPIRING CAREERS.

Occasionally you will find be-
side the dusty road a modest,
blushing daisy timidly holding up
its head above the dust-covered
weeds that surround it. It has
not the sweet aroma of the violet,
nor the gorgeous beauty of the full-
blown rose, but somehow it at-
tracts your attention, thought-
riven though that attention may
be, and as you pass you give a
glance backward at the simple
flower that seems to blush unseen.
We admire the modest roadside
bloom, and somehow and some-
where deep down within us there is
an inspired feeling resulting from
the one look backward at the simple
daisy that stands, sentinel-like, be-
side the dusty country road. On
Howard University's faculty there
is a young man who moves in and
out the buildings and through the
grounds with a modesty such as is
possessed by the roadside flower to
which we referred. The great
world without knows little or noth-
ing of him because he shrinks from
the observant, and because the ap-
plause of the public has never rang
for him. But for his age there are
none brighter on that faculty; for
definiteness or purpose he is with-
out a superior; for purity, and un-
selfish devotion to education and
to Howard he is a peer in the house
of peers. For him life spread out
no panorama of gilded pleasures,
or golden opportunities, nor floral
beds of ease. From the beginning
until now his has been the thorns of
sacrifice to pluck, and the road of
denial to travel. And because of
this—because he has achieved suc-
cess against, and in spite of ad-
versed birth and adversed environ-
ments there is not a student at
Howard but who will find in this
man, Prof. Ernest Just, those char-
acteristics, and that character,
which ought to inspire. He is
learned beyond his years, though
the cloak of modesty mantles the
Associate Professor of Biology at
Howard University. Nevertheless
his career ought to be, and is an
inspiring one to all young colored
men who would be conured by
success. And not one will bivouac
this side of high achievement who
takes his life for a pattern.

HOWARD THEATER.

The colored people of this city
boycootted the Howard Theater un-
der its former management be-
cause it was a "Jim Crow" institu-
tion, and because it was stated that
the colored people in this city
would be satisfied with anything.
The white owners, Benedict and
Rosenthal, displaced the colored
manager, Mr. W. H. Smith, who
would have made the theater a suc-
cess, and placed white men in
charge. Mr. Smith would have
made the theater a great success.
It was he who organized "Our
Friend From Dixie," and a greater
musical combination could not be

found. As an evidence of his or-
ganizing qualities, "Our Friend
From Dixie" met with world-wide
success, and had Mr. Smith been let
alone the colored people would
have had a great theater. It failed
under white management. Now, it
is reported that the Thomas broth-
ers have leased the theater for ten
years at a monthly rental of six
hundred dollars. As a matter of
fact Mr. Sidney Bieber is the real
manager and force behind the How-
ard Theater. It will be remembered
that Mr. Bieber was among the
first individuals in this city to open
a moving picture show where col-
ored people were first "Jim Crow-
ed," and subsequently not permitted
to enter at all. Now what is the
difference in the management of
the Howard Theater? Mr. Sidney
Bieber and Benedict and Rosenthal
are alike. It is true colored men
are supposed to be the head and
front of the Howard Theater, but
are they? The Bee doesn't object
to Mr. Bieber running a Negro
theater, but it does object having
the colored people imposed upon
with the idea that the Howard
Theater is now being managed by
colored men, when our friend Mr.
Bieber is the power behind the
throne. If the colored people want
a colored theater, let them build
one. It would be better for the
colored people to support their own
5 and 10 cent moving picture shows
until they get a theater of their own.
Let them cease supporting "Jim
Crow" enterprises.

CAPTAIN OYSTER.

The colored public schools are
indebted to Captain James F. Oys-
ter. He has been one man on the
Board of Education who has looked
after the interest of the colored
schools. The teachers in the col-
ored schools have the highest respect
and admiration for him. He be-
lieves in the advancement of not
only the colored, but the entire pub-
lic school system. Our colored
schools have never been in a better
condition than now. Assistant Su-
perintendent Bruce has the confi-
dence of the people in this city, and
Superintendent Davidson is to be
congratulated in having such an
able assistant as Mr. Bruce. The
Bee feels confident that the colored
schools will now continue to ad-
vance under the present manage-
ment.

Captain Oyster, therefore, gener-
ally acts for the people. He is more
of the representative of the colored
schools than any other member of
the Board of Education. If the
people want anything done they
generally appeal to Captain Oyster.
The colored teachers appeal to him
as well, because they know that
they have a friend in him and in
him they have confidence.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

The National Religious Training
School, under the presidency of
Dr. James E. Shepard, is making
for itself a most remarkable career.
It is daily growing in popularity
and influence. It is one of the
great factors in the South among
the colored people. There is no
man better qualified to be at the
head of this great school than Dr.
James E. Shepard, who stands to-
day the advocate of a great and
new propaganda. It has been but
a few years when this young man
first conceived the idea of establish-
ing such a school among his peo-
ple. Just see how it has grown! See
what influence it is exercising
among both races in the South.
Durham, N. C., is to that State
as Tuskegee is to Alabama. The
people throughout this country will
honor and respect the work of Dr.
Shepard.

RIOT WAS A FROST.

As usual, the race riot in Okla-
homa, was a frost! After the kill-
ing and lynching, the Negroes, as
usual, made announcement and ad-
vertisement as to what they were
going to do in revenge. The whites,
as usual, said nothing, but the tele-
graph wires and telephones did a
lot of business. The result was, the
State militia drifted over, took pos-
session of the town and all arms of
the Negroes and jailed their leaders.
—The Cincinnati Union.

And this is another case of too
much talk. It reminds us of the
fellow who went hunting and began
firing off his gun as soon as he
reached the edge of the woods, to
let the game know he was coming.

We own no steel stock.

Our riches, like all colored edit-
ors' riches, consists of hopes.

Procrastination may be thief of
time, but in the rendering of a de-
cision in the colored school matter
Dr. Davidson's procrastination is the
bearer of peace.

It is the duty of every colored
man and woman to lend a helping
hand to the Social Settlement work.
It is an institution with crying
needs. It's an oasis in a desert of
immorality and squalor.

Dr. John R. Francis is to be com-
mended for his efforts to attract
attention and help to the Social
Settlement. When a busy physi-
cian like him steals time from his
practice to help lift up the less for-
tunate it shows the humanity in
the man.

If the various ladies' card clubs
throughout the city would deny
themselves the palatable repast that
precedes or follows the game of
whist, and take the assessment that
is levied for the refreshments and
devote it to charity, many a little
colored poor child might have its
hunger appeased with a bit of
wholesome food. Think it over,
ladies.

It is a question whether or not,
in our mad rush for pleasures, and
our foolish desires to imitate the
lavish splendor of the ultra fash-
ionable and plethoric-pursed whites
we do not become unmindful of the
duty we owe to our own poor and
unfortunate whom we are permit-
ting to become wards of the whites.
Charity begins at home, and duty
should come before pleasures.

There was no opportunity for
doubt in President Taft's Los An-
geles speech as to where he stands
with reference to Dr. Washington's
place in the world. He said, in
language not to be misunderstood,
that Dr. Washington is one of the
greatest men of this or the last cen-
tury. That is the verdict of the
times. "By their works ye shall
know them." Well it is by Dr.
Washington's works that he has be-
come the undisputed leader of his
people, and an example for all
other peoples.

DURHAM CONFERENCE.

Ministers to Meet South.

The coming ministers' conference,
which is to meet at Durham, N. C.,
will be one of the greatest gatherings
in the State. It will be held July 6,
1912, and from what the press says,
it will be a great event.

The Indianapolis Freeman, one of
the greatest papers in the West, says
this about the conference:
"The 'Shepard Ministerial Confer-
ence' at the National Religious Train-
ing School, Durham, N. C., next July,
will be one of the big events of 1912.
"There is hope for the race as long
as 'it can produce constructive ge-
nuses like Dr. James E. Shepard,
founder of the splendid National Re-
ligious Training School at Durham,
N. C."

The Texas Freeman says:
"Dr. James E. Shepard, president
and founder of the National Religious
Training School, Durham, N. C., has
accepted an invitation to deliver an
address early in the new year before
the Bethel Literary and Historical
Association, the nation's banner or-
ganization for literary and scientific
research. He will draw a crowd, as
he always has a message that the
world is eager to hear."

The Florida Sentinel says:
"Dr. J. E. Shepard, president of the
National Religious Training School
at Durham, N. C., went to the conven-
tion of the National Medical Associa-
tion at Hampton, Va., and was a con-
spicuous figure in that great gather-
ing. Dr. Shepard has a project on
foot that will make the natives sit up
and take notice. Watch for announce-
ments soon."

National Union says:
"The conference of ministers, called
by Dr. James E. Shepard, to meet
at the National Religious Training
School, Durham, N. C., next July,
should be largely attended. Every
minister of every denomination in
this city should make it a point to
be there to instruct and be instructed
along lines of racial betterment."

Richmond, Va., Reformer, says:
"Indications point to an immense
concourse of ministers at Durham, N.
C., in response to the courteous in-
vitation extended by Dr. James E.
Shepard, the energetic and resource-
ful president and founder of the Na-
tional Religious Training School. The
conference will begin July 6, 1912, but
it is expected that by January 1 the
roster of those who are to be present
will be made up through the letters
of acceptance that will come in from
all parts of the country."

"It is to the ministry more largely
than to any other class of race lead-
ers that we must look for the correc-
tion of the moral ills that affect the
body politic. If there is to be social
betterment, our various communi-
ties, a reduction of crime, an agita-
tion in favor of temperate habits, and
a triumph of virtue over vice, the
minister is the man who must take
the initiative in the work. Through
him will be drawn the healthful ac-
tivities of the doctor, the protective
force of the lawyer and the practical
influence of the business man. Under-
lying the whole fabric will be the in-
tellectual force of the school-teacher,
who must prepare the mind and the
hand of the individual to take ad-
vantage of the opportunities laid out
for him by the minister's successful
appeal to the spiritual and ethical
side of mankind."

Andrew Carnegie was elected last
week, lord rector of the University
of Aberdeen, without opposition.

Public Men And Things

I was standing at the intersection
of T and Florida avenue the other
day when something went by me with
a swish, at a velocity about as great
as old Mars racing around his orbit
to make up about ten kilometers of
lost time. I looked both ways, but
saw nothing but a streak of dust. I
turned to a cop who was passing and
asked him if he heard or saw any-
thing pass, or was I just dreaming.
"Yes," he said, "something passed.
It was Doc. Williston in his 1909
Maxwell model." "But do you let
'em speed that fast?" I asked. "Well,
we do him," the cop replied, "because
we've arrested him so many times for
exceeding the speed limit that the
judges have come to the conclusion
that the only way to stop him is to
have Congress pass a law making it
a misdemeanor for him to have an
auto. You see Doc. whizzes by,
waves his hand, and yells 'howdy' to
us so good-naturedly that we just
ain't got the nerve to arrest him any
more. And that Doc. Curtis is run-
ning him a merry chase for title of
speed-limit king. But of course all
these colored doctors' cases are ur-
gent ones. They have to be there in
a minute or the money won't be there
when they get there. But Williston
is certainly the speed king."

Speaking about Doc. Williston's
Jack Johnson's speeding stunts, re-
minds me that I heard Jim Neall has
found himself an auto up some dark
alley. I don't know what make it is—
guess the maker was ashamed to put
his name on it, but from the noise it
makes, and from its general contour,
I think it must be a sister ship to
Armond Scott's crested noise monger,
and about a second cousin to Prof.
Craig's ancient mariner. Jim's auto
is one of those G. O. P. machines
(get out and push). Next time Jim
runs his machine in the shop I sug-
gest that he tell the repairers to put
about four mufflers on it just so it
won't make any more noise than a
stone crusher in slow action. But I
sort of take pride in these colored
"professors" who squander a couple
of dollars or so for an inferior
auto. It shows they are coming by
sure stages. Now Jim Neall blew in
here from Tennessee to take a gov-
ernment job. He held that until they
discovered he was making a higher
per centage on loans than the bank
of Monte Carlo was making on rou-
lette, then one day they stopped his
pay and Jim went out into the cold
world and began to hustle. Between
an intermittent practice of law and a
steady loaning of money at a rate
which makes the interest double the
principle every twenty-four hours,
Jim has managed to keep the wolf
from the door and provide himself
and wife with a decent home. I have
often watched him going down F
street, with his head buried down be-
tween his two shoulders, a la turtle,
and like as if he was afraid he might
lose it, and casting furtive Rockefeller
glances with a pair of little eyes that
are a cross between a green, brown
and blue, and wondered if Jim would
ever get tired competing with the
Burgau of Engraving in making
money. One thing you must remem-
ber, Jim had to save money to have
money to loan, and the Afriganus who
saves his money in this town is en-
titled to a Carnegie medal. And an-
other thing you must not forget is
that there are a whole lot of snitches
here who like to borrow and on whom
it's taking a long chase to lend. Jim
Neall has three weaknesses; money,
money, singing in the church choir
and being an independent in politics.
The first you will never cure him of;
the second he ought to be cured of
out of consideration for an afflicted
public, and the third he has been
cured of ever since he attended that
Boston meeting and made a speech
that was full of insanity germs. What
Jim knows about politics could be
written on a postage stamp with space
to spare. What he thinks he knows
about politics would fill every volume
of Chambers' encyclopedia. But the
fact that the fellow lives in a hand-
some nine-room, detached house that
belongs to him individually, collec-
tively and personally, and the fact
that he owns a sister ship to Armond
Scott's noise producer, and the fact
that he could make a good living after
they separated him from the govern-
ment's pay roll all point to a moral—
if you save your money, hustle and
get there, you must have the stum-
ble out of which they make mil-
lions. My advice to Jim, and he's
a right clever little five-foot-
seven Fisk University prodigy, is to
keep on just as you have been going,
but for heaven's sake cut out polit-
ics and put a soft pedal on pour
singing, and you will never be re-
garded as a disturber of the peace.
By and by Jim will work up to a real
automobile, and when he does it's a
handful of sawdust to a blind robbin
of the Gloucester, Mass., species that
he's got the cash to waste on it, be-
cause Jim Neall never flies farther
than his bank account in spending
money for useless things. He's one
of those safe, sure plodders who be-
lieves a penny saved is a penny earned.
Look at Jim Neall's house once,
and you will go off and soliloquize to
yourself—"that fellow is a wave-
breaker," or in United States English,
he's a hustler.

"I have read somewhere or another,
in Dionysius Helicarnassus, I think,
that History is Philosophy teaching
by examples." So writ Henry St.
John, Viscount Bolingbroke, who,
prior to becoming a mummified "has
been," use to breathe the oxygen of
life in merry old England from 1672
to 1751. Every time I read this sort
of literary clam-chowder spiced with
a sort of dill-pickle tartness, it makes
me think of the Right Rev. J. Milton
Waldron, D. D. (Democratic Divine),
the muscular preacher with a Celtic
cranium that has no room for wit.
Now I don't believe the Reverend
ever read much history. If he has it
hasn't sunk deep enough in his reason
reservoir to furnish "examples" of
failures. The Rev. Waldron is one
of those courageously inconsistent
men who gets one bite of a juicy sur-
join and forthwith imagines he has

devoured the whole stake. Now and
then he locks himself in his study and
edits an epistle to the President,
only to wake up the next morning to
learn that he didn't know a frazzling
thing about what he was writing.
Now and then he reaches into the re-
cesses of his jeans and fishes a few
hundred dollars to spend in orga-
nizing a band of voteless Negro con-
stituents, who have an itching palm,
to defeat the Republican candidate for
President. There ain't many members
of the National Negro Independent
Political League who are as gener-
ous with their own money as Rev.
Waldron is with his—according to his
statement. Of course there are some
doubting Thomases who don't be-
lieve the Doctor spends his own coin,
but you know every man has a right
to tell his own story about the size
and number of fishes he caught. Now
just because Rev. Waldron is a suc-
cide in politics, and so narrow across
the chest of his ideas that he can't
tolerate a fellow who has the edge
on him, don't think that he is a corn-
tassel. Of course I think, and
there's a whole lot of people think-
ing the same dope, that a minister
whose duty it is to save souls hasn't
got any business wearing his soles
out in politics. You never saw a min-
ister who monkeyed in politics who
didn't get the skirt of his religious
garment all dabbled around the hem
with conjectures and accusations. As
Dorsey Foulitz use to say, "no min-
ister is fitted to mix in politics." But
as a minister—just minister, I think
the Rev. J. Milton is prime. He's a
vigorous orator, has a commanding
presence, and makes you think of
John McCullough in Virginia, when
he stalks across his pulpit. I agree
that the Lord called him to preach,
but I never was so loose in my
charges as to accuse the Lord of call-
ing him to do anything else. Some of
us try to make a goat out of the Lord
by charging a lot of things up to him,
but when it comes to saying that the
Lord called Rev. Waldron to mix in
politics you ain't playing the game
as they do out in Deadwood—on
the square. The good Reverend has
been pursuing little baldheaded Ros-
coe Bruce without rhyme or reason,
and being a minister, it has occurred
to me whether or not he ever read
that foolish injunction, writ some-
time during Anna Domini: "He that is
without sin let him cast the first
stone," or "Do unto others as you
would that men should do to you."
It may be that Rev. Waldron has an
expurgated copy of the Holy Writ
with these quotations cut out. If he
has, I've got an old copy with every-
thing in it, which I never use. I can
lend him for a few days. Personally,
Rev. Waldron is a most gracious man,
affable, and pleasing to converse with.
It's only in politics that his better
side gets covered with the barnacles
of pessimism. A big, handsome fel-
low, standing six feet in his stock-
ings, with a strong determined jaw,
he looks a leader, and he would be
just the same as four aces with the
joker—highest deal in the deck, in a
table-stake game, with all the oth-
ers holding two pairs—if he would
only confine himself to doing what
the Lord willed him to do—
preach the Gospel. Take it from me,
Rev. Waldron is a gentleman, and a
scholar, a man of great ability, but
he's just a trifle short on judgment.
My advice to him is to think a couple
of few times of what old Henry St.
John said—"History is Philosophy
teaching by examples." This is the
ninth inning, Doctor, and there's two
down, and you are up with two
strikes on you, and the score umteen
to nothing in favor of the other fel-
low.

WHAT THE ST. LUKES ARE DOING.

Allen's Chapel, Garfield, D. C.,
was filled last Sunday afternoon with
members of the Order of St. Luke and
their friends. The Azura Council of
the Order, which meets in Garfield,
gave the representatives of other
councils present a most hearty wel-
come and cordial reception. Mrs.
Julia Mason Layton presided. She in-
troduced Rev. A. S. Patterson, who
conducted the devotional part of the
exercises. Mrs. B. B. Anderson, the
district deputy, gave an interesting
sketch of the work done in Washing-
ton and throughout the country where
the order exists. Rev. W. D. Naylor,
pastor of Allen's Chapel, then made
the speech of welcome, which was re-
sponded to by Miss M. A. Marde.
The choir rendered good music. In-
strumental and vocal music and read-
ings and essays entertained the con-
gregation, and everybody enjoyed the
occasion. Those who took part in the
exercises were:
Miss Cecelia A. Cannon, degree
chief of Azara Council, Garfield, D. C.
Mrs. Martha Ellis, of Patience
Council, Anacostia, D. C.
Mrs. Elizabeth Gross, of Cecelia
Council, 266.
Mrs. Fannie J. Shipley, of Prosperity
Council, Anacostia, D. C.
Mr. Louis Taylor, of Taylor Council,
No. 400.
Miss Mary Morton, of Rosa Conley
Council, 571.
Mr. Alex. S. Richardson, of National
Capital, No. 562.
Miss M. A. D. Madre, Degree Chief
of Amanda Smith Council, No. 431.
Mrs. Narcissa Fossett, of Patience
Council, No. 564.

TO MOTHERS AND FRIENDS.

Come or Send Your Daughters
Clarke's Training School—Dress-
making, Ladies' Tailoring, Design-
ing, The Art of Remodeling, Mil-
linery, Hair Work.
Competent teachers in charge. The
school has been established twelve
years. We have had 439 graduates, all
of whom have made good. A number
of young women have gone into the
dress-making and millinery business
for themselves, others are teaching in
institutions or working in establish-
ments, while many others are work-
ing at their trades in families, earn-
ing good salaries. Tuition in reach
of all. Day and evening classes.
For further information apply to
Mrs. Addie R. Clarke, 1106 R Street
Northwest. All kinds of employment
furnished. Hours arranged to suit
each student.

Read The Bee.



The Board & McGuire Drug Co., with stores at 1912 1/2 14th St., and 9th and You Sts., N. W., report the beginning of the heaviest fall trade in the history of their business. This firm has always stood for QUALITY in drugs and medicines, as well as in their famous ice cream soda, and quality always draws the discriminating buyer.

Mrs. Ivan Conway, of Boston, Mass., has joined her husband in this city, to reside permanently.

Mrs. Emily Marshall, of Boston, Mass., is spending three weeks here with friends.

Miss Lillian Minor is attending Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Mr. Frederick Crusor is visiting friends in Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. L. G. Jordan, of Louisville, Ky., is visiting friends here.

Prof. W. L. Lindsay visited St. Michaels, Md., Monday.

Mrs. Ernest Briscoe spent a few days in Baltimore recently.

Mrs. Martha Brooks, of Baltimore, Md., spent Sunday, October 25th in this city.

Mrs. Emma Lester, of Baltimore, Md., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fields, in this city, last week.

Mrs. F. S. Greene, of Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., is spending a week in this city.

L. P. Cosley, of 1312 Pennsylvania Avenue, was a visitor at the Laurel race track last week.

Mr. Titus Stiles has returned to his home in Cambridge, Md., after a pleasant stay in this city with his brother, Mr. George Stiles.

Mrs. Fannie P. Gater, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has come to this city to reside during the winter season.

Milton Hooper, of Philadelphia, Pa., spent several days here last week.

Miss Jessie Faucett spent three days of last week in Philadelphia, Pa., with friends.

During last week Wm. H. Burrell, of this city, was the guest of Miss Lulu Williams, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Anna Anderson has returned to her home in Wilmington, Del., after spending an enjoyable vacation in this city and Neals County, Virginia.

Mrs. Freeman, of this city, is visiting her niece, Mrs. Anna Freeman, in Clarksburg, W. Va.

Mr. Benjamin, of Clarksburg, W. Va., is attending school here.

Mr. James Wilker, of Clarksburg, W. Va., is spending the winter here.

Mrs. Edward Taulton has returned to Homestead, Pa., after an enjoyable trip to Virginia and this city.

The District Deputy, Mrs. Bessie B. Anderson, and the associate, Rev. A. C. Garner, were tendered an exquisite reception at the St. Luke Home on Monday evening last.

Mr. J. Edward French has returned to this city after an enjoyable trip to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, N. Y., Boston, Mass., and Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Eliza J. Mason, who has been confined to her home because of illness, is convalescing.

Miss Matilda LeBrandt, of Class '11, Teachers' College, Howard University, has secured a position as teacher in the schools of Odessa, Del.

Mr. Charles Pinckett, who has been sojourning between Chicago and Springfield, Ill., has returned to this city.

Mr. W. H. Golden is visiting his family in Cambridge, Mass.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Mrs. Thurman Curtis, of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days in this city last week with Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Curtis, while en route to Charlottesville, Va., to visit her parents.

Miss Olive Glen Walter, of Detroit, Mich., is pursuing a course at Freedman's Hospital, as trained nurse.

Mr. J. Arthur James, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Eugene R. James, went sight-seeing horseback riding last Sunday.

The reception given by the Universal Pleasure Club last Thursday evening was largely attended.

Messrs. Earl and Ernest Armstrong, graduates of Wheeling, W. Va., are residing with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boston, 2029 Thirteenth Street Northwest.

Mr. Malvin Wright, of Bridgeport, Ohio, brother of Dr. W. H. Wright, of Baltimore, Md., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Boston.

The Halloween social given at the St. Luke Home Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Wormley, was well patronized.

An exquisite reception was tendered Madam Deputy Bessie B. Anderson and Associate Deputy Rev. A. C. Garner, at the St. Luke Home, 1924 Thirteenth Street Northwest, on Monday evening. Mrs. Maggie Penn Heath deserves great credit for the success of this reception.

The People's Co-Operative and Loan Association held an enthusiastic meeting at their office, 1115 You Street, Thursday evening. Refreshments were abundantly served by a committee of ladies.

Miss Reva Washington, of Minneapolis, Minn., has come to this city to spend two years in the National Training School.

Sergeant Shelton, of Cheyenne, Col.,

is visiting relatives in this city.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

W. H. Lewis and James A. Cobb attended a Halloween party in Wilmington, Del., last Saturday evening.

Dr. Peter Smith, formerly of this city, but now of New York, has been in the city for the past two weeks.

Mr. W. H. Lewis will deliver an address at Rochester, N. Y., on the 7th of November.

Mr. Emmett J. Scott stopped over in Washington last Friday evening, en route home from New York.

Mrs. Holly entertained her whist club in a most charming manner last Thursday afternoon, at her home in T Street.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell delivered an address in South Bend, Ind., this week.

The Halloween entertainment at Martin's Cafe last Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Social Settlement, under the management of Mesdames Tyler and Glenn, was well patronized, and a delightful affair in every respect. The hall was decorated in a typical Halloween fashion.

Ohioans and Bay State voters pulled out for their respective States this week for the election, which is held next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Henderson have moved to their new home at 2011 Fourth Street Northwest, and will be pleased to see their many friends.

Mr. S. M. Gilbert, of Atlanta, Ga., has come to this city to fill a position in the Agricultural Department as assistant engineer.

Dr. E. Williston will entertain a few epicurean cronies with a chattering supper next Saturday night.

Auditor Ralph W. Tyler has appointed I. E. Conway, a young colored man of Boston, Mass., stenographer in his office.

Miss Lulu Allen and Miss Taylor attended a Halloween party at Wilmington, Del., given by Dr. and Mrs. Elbert, last Saturday evening.

Miss Estelle Kennedy's picture graced the cover of the last issue of "The Crisis."

The Short Story Club met with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Murray last Monday evening.

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

The Rev. Mr. Ricard, of Tamocia, British West Indies, officiated at the morning service at St. Luke's P. E. Church, last Sunday. The music by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Scott Mayo, director, was of the highest order, greatly inspiring. Mr. Ricard is a preacher of no ordinary talents, as well as distinguished theologian of the Church of England.

Mrs. Anna M. Cole has returned to this city after an extended visit to her niece, at Wilmington, Del.

The "Ray Circle" of the Metropolitan A. M. E. Zion Church, of South Washington, had a grand rally for the benefit of the church last Sunday afternoon. A number of musical persons took part, including Miss Ethel Stokes, soprano, and Mr. George Battle, the well-known baritone. Mrs. Effie Middleton is president of the circle.

The pleasing contralto, Mrs. Jennie Kelly-Armstead, has been filling an engagement at the Dabney Theater the past week.

Wedding bells will begin ringing soon in Washington's elite circles. Dame Rumor is passing it from lip to lip that the marriage of Mr. Leo Cook and Miss Marcie Montgomery, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Scott Montgomery, and Mr. Frank Hume, now of New York, and Miss Beatrice Wrigley, are matrimonial events promised for the very near future.

Both the ladies mentioned are popular young teachers, and prominent in our social circles. Then, too, the rumor will not down that Mr. James Cobb Dr. Gaskins and Dr. Milton Francis, are by no means immune from an early attack of matrimonialities.

This promises to be an exceptionally lively social season in Washington. With the regular assemblies of the Monican Club skeduled, the ball on December 8th, at Convention Hall for the Social Settlement, the Knights Templar charity ball, and the numerous card parties, luncheons, receptions, dinners, etc., on tapis, the dear ladies will have no time to develop ennui during this fall-winter season.

And huddle and paterfamilias will have no chance to economize on the outlay for gowns.

Mr. Harry Williams, of Cleveland, will arrive in the city next week to assume a position as musical instructor at the Washington Conservatory of Music. Mr. Williams finished his musical education abroad, spending ten years under the tutelage of the masters of the old world. For the past few years he has been located in New York. His coming here will prove a great acquisition to musical Washington.

Mr. Ralph W. Tyler left Tuesday evening for Ohio to vote at the election to be held in his State.

If you want to know the news, go to Joseph S. Jones, 1020 You Street Northwest.

Mr. W. Calvin Chase, who spoke in Atlantic City Saturday evening, returned to the city Monday morning.

Dr. James E. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., arrived in the city Tuesday afternoon and left for his home Wednesday morning.

Attorney A. W. Scott, who delivered an address at the North Carolina State Fair, returned to the city Tuesday.

Secure your tickets for the charity reception. If you have not already secured your ticket for the charity reception, do so at once.

Ex-Register J. W. Lyons is in the city.

Hugh Shipley, former M Street foot ball star, is making good at right end on the Brown University football team.

Rev. Miles White has returned to the city.

Mr. Thomas W. Watkins, of 1912 Third street northwest, gave a Halloween party last Tuesday night. Forty young ladies assisted his daughter, Miss Ellen. It was a brilliant affair.

Seasons may come and seasons may change, but the crowds go on forever at the two drug stores of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 14th St. and 9th and You Sts. N. W. Two places Mr. Alex. Ray left the city Wednesday for Louisville, Ky., where he will assist the Republicans in the campaign.

Don't forget the Charity Reception. For first-class, artistic printing, apply to W. Calvin Chase, Jr., of the Triangle Printing Co.

Mrs. Grimmer is quite ill at her home.

HALLOWEEN PARTY

For the Social Settlement a Delightful Success—Everybody Thanked.

The Halloween party given at Martin's Cafe last Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Social Settlement, was a successful as well as a unique and enjoyable affair. All kinds of Halloween games were participated in, and the rooms were decorated with jack-o'-lanterns, pumpkins, and other decorations typical of the night.

Dancing was indulged in by the lovers of terpsichore to the sweet strains of the Wilberforce orchestra. The affair was engineered by Mesdames A. H. Glenn and Ralph W. Tyler, and these ladies were ably seconded by Miss Ethel Highwarden, Miss Jessie Parks, Miss Guy, Miss Helen Harris, Mrs. Parks, Miss Shadd, and several other ladies, Miss Helen Harris, however, deserves especial mention for her contribution to the success of the affair.

Bright, winsome, earnest bit of femininity, she entered into the spirit of the thing with a zest that was appealing and commendable, and the results of her sales helped greatly. She was simply "sweet perseverance," and not a guest was able to resist her entreaties for sweet charity. Mesdames Tyler and Glenn are greatly obliged, and extend sincere thanks to all those who co-operated to make the affair a success, whether by their labors or their attendance. Helping the Social Settlement has become a commendable fad.

Bethel Literary.

Miss Annie J. Cooper read a very interesting paper before the Bethel Literary last Tuesday night. Mrs. Ella V. Chase Williams and Miss Annie Middleton discussed the paper.

Tuesday night, November 7, will be Howard University Night at the Bethel Literary and Historical Association. President, Thirkield, by special request of the Faculty of Deans, will give his educational lecture on "The Building of a Man."

There will be music by the vested choir of fifty voices under the leadership of Miss Childers, and also special selections by the new orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph H. Douglass. It is proposed to make this a red letter night in the history of Howard University. All friends of the institution are cordially invited.

Garfield School Kindergarten.

An intelligent audience was present at a meeting of the Garfield School, under the auspices of the Mothers' Club, connected with the school. Mrs. Cora Wilkinson, presided, with Miss Martha Beverly, secretary.

Mrs. Wilkinson, after briefly outlining the object and the needs of the kindergarten, called upon the principal, Mr. Harry Lewis, for a report.

Mr. Lewis, after thanking the parents and friends for the co-operation given by them in sending these little tots to school regularly, spoke in words of highest praise of the work that Mrs. Wilkinson was doing. Among other things he said that Mrs. Wilkinson was one of the most conscientious and well-equipped kindergartners in the corps, and that her services in the community were indispensable.

Then Mr. Lewis, in a happy vein, introduced Miss Charlotte Hunter, of Normal School No. 2, who took as her subject "And a little child shall lead them." Miss Hunter spoke with-out manuscript for about an hour, and so highly cultured and well-prepared was her address that the audience was simply electrified.

After a tenor solo by Mr. Harry Lewis, accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Lewis, Jr., those present were served with ice cream.

It has been planned to hold these meetings monthly in the interest of the kindergarten.

WEST WASHINGTON NEWS.

A grand oratorio to be given by the ministers, their wives, sons and daughters, at Mt. Zion M. E. Church on Wednesday evening, November 8, promises to be interesting. Mrs. Mary L. Williams will preside.

Personal.

Mrs. George Y. Johnson and Mrs. Walter Bordley, of 1127 N. Carey Street, Baltimore, are spending the week in the city at the home of Mrs. Joseph Beckett, 1134 Nineteenth Street, N. W.

Mrs. Leeper, who accidentally broke her arm a few weeks ago, is now convalescing.

Mrs. Eliza Wron, of 3139 Dumbarton Avenue, Northwest, entertained a

few friends Wednesday evening, including Mrs. G. Y. Johnson and Mrs. Walter Bordley, of Baltimore City.

Ingram-Delaney.

Miss Delaney, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Delaney was married on Wednesday, October 25, 1911, to Mr. Wesley Ingram. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Anderson Taylor. Many beautiful presents were received by the happy pair, including a handsome silver tea set from Mr. Delaney's associates of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Among the Churches.

The Cosmo-Villa, which was of such a pleasure to the young as well as to the old people at Mt. Zion M. E. Church, upon the urgent request has been continued for another week with a nightly program of a very interesting feature. The Halloween night was the most pleasing of the week's entertainment.

The Epworth League of Mt. Zion M. E. Church was largely attended Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Mattie Smith presided, and conducted the exercises.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, O Street, 6:30 P. M., every Sunday, is worth while visiting. Always an interesting program.

The First Baptist Sunday School is one of the largest in this section. The school is noted for its excellent singing, and is visited generally by the parents of the children. Mr. Jos. N. Lawson is the superintendent.

The Bee for sale at Smith's Pharmacy, Twenty-eighth Street and Dumbarton Avenue.

Sacred Musical and Popular Reading.

At Mt. Zion M. E. Church, Sunday evening, October 29, 1911, a very large and appreciative audience enjoyed the following program, as rendered, eliciting much praise for the management of the service:

Organ Voluntary—Mr. Lucius N. Brown.

Processional—Choir.

Invocation—Rev. D. W. Hayes.

Chorus, "Seek Ye the Lord," Roberts—Senior Choir.

Solo, Selected—Mr. E. Battles.

Reading (a) Waiting, Jno. Burroughs; (b) Unaware, Henrick Isben—Mrs. Jennie B. Browne.

Solo, "Golgatha," Crouchies—Mr. Wm. H. Carter, Jr.

Cornet Solo, Selected—Mr. Wm. Calvin Chase, Jr.

Chorus, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," Ambrose—Senior Choir.

Solo, Selected—Miss Hattie Dandridge.

Solo, "Eternity"—Mrs. Ethel Parrott Pope.

Chorus, "Trust in the Lord," Handel—Senior Choir.

Solo, "Come to the Land of Rest," Philip Greely—Mr. Thos. H. Montgomery.

Chorus, "Oh That I Had Wings Like a Dove"—Senior Choir.

Recessional, congregation standing—Senior Choir.

Benediction—Rev. D. W. Hayes.

DEANWOOD, D. C.

The First Baptist Sunday School of Deanwood, under the superintendency of Mr. John Dillard, has been greatly increased in membership and attendance. Mr. Dillard is an earnest worker, and his labors are being encouraged by the pastor, Rev. Mills, who has built up a large congregation with an excellent corps of officers.

The stark visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jessup, of Sheriff Road, last week, and left a fine son. The smiles of the father tell of his happiness. The mother and son are doing well.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS NEWS.

Misses Ethel and Beatrice Michaux, of Great Bend, Kan., and Miss Katie Smith, of Hot Springs, Ark., were guests of Mrs. W. S. Cruise last Saturday. These charming young ladies are students of the Washington Conservatory of Music, and are musicians of no small ability.

The Fairmount Heights Citizens' Association held its second monthly meeting October 24, and made final arrangements to repair the sidewalk on Fairmount Avenue. Bids for the work were submitted by the following gentlemen: S. J. Barbour, W. A. Brooks, J. W. Medley and Samuel Fowler. The bid of Samuel Fowler being 25 per cent lower than any of the other bidders, he was awarded the contract.

The average attendance at the Fairmount Heights School continues to increase. At this rate the present quarters will soon be too small to accommodate the school. The teachers have promised, and the trustees and patrons are looking forward to a parents' meeting to be held in the near future.

Mrs. P. W. Pittman has been on the sick list for more than a week. Mrs. Pittman is the wife of Mr. W. S. Pittman, the architect, the daughter of Dr. Booker T. Washington, and the highly accomplished pianist who, after completing or graduating from one of the leading eastern schools, spent more than two years in a noted musical school of Germany. It is the hope of the good people of Fairmount Heights that Mrs. Pittman may be soon up and out again.

A committee, of which Mrs. L. Pearl Fonville and Mrs. L. E. Creuse are members, held a meeting a few days ago and decided to give an entertainment at the home of the former for the benefit of Lincoln Temple Congregational Church, Washington, D. C. The ladies mentioned above are among those who stand for the highest religious, educational and moral development of the community. The public will give them its united support.

Mrs. H. H. Cardoza's kindergarten school is quite interesting.

The M. E. Church continues to grow. All the Sunday and mid-week services are well attended, and great interest in the work continues to increase. Rev. W. H. Howard, the earnest pastor, and Rev. Dr. E. S. Williams, the District Superintendent, are doing much to spread the borders of methodism in this part of the land.

Rev. A. H. Strother, the founder of the First Baptist Church here, reports



WHAT DOES BOARD & MCGUIRE SAY THIS WEEK?

We FILL YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS just as your Doctor wants them filled, from our well-selected stock of fresh, pure chemicals, by experienced graduates in pharmacy, thus insuring PURITY and ACCURACY, and the cost is no more.

THIS WEEK'S BARGAINS.

25c Foot Relief Tablets, best on the market, 20c; 50c Skin-Kure Ointment, 20c; 25c Palmer's Skin Success Ointment and Soap, 20c; 25c Liveroids, 20c; 15c Talcum Powders, 10c; and many others.

MCGUIRE'S CATARRHAL CREAM has no superior on the market, and is only 25c a tube.

All the great A. D. S. Preparations for Colds, Rheumatism, Kidney troubles, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Toothache, Woman's complaints, etc., sold on our guarantee and money-back plan.

Come to either of our two stores, and you will want to come again.

BOARD & MCGUIRE, Druggists, 1912 1-2 Fourteenth Street, and Ninth and You Streets Northwest.

THE CHARITY RECEPTION

You and your friends are cordially invited to become patrons and be present at the

WHAT? CITIZENS' CHARITY RECEPTION, to be given for the benefit of COLORED SOCIAL SETTLEMENT, 16 L Street, Southwest,

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1911, at

WHERE? CONVENTION HALL, 5th and L Sts. N. W.

HOW? By paying ONE DOLLAR on or before December 4th, 1911, which entitles you to Two Reserved Seats and your name will be printed on the list of patrons.

NOTE—Please cut off this Coupon at dotted line and mail it to, Dr. John R. Francis, Sr., 1102 Ninth Street, N. W.

You may print my name on your list of patrons and I agree to take two tickets for the Citizens' Charity Reception at Convention Hall, December 8, 1911. Tickets to be paid for not later than Dec. 4th.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Tickets will be forwarded to you. Sale of Patrons' tickets, including reserved seats, closes December 4, 1911, after which single admission tickets will be on sale at some of the Drug Stores.

THE WESTERN CAFE

MRS. ANNIE MUNNERLYN, Proprietress

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

BALLS, PARTIES, AND RECEPTIONS SERVED

QUICK LUNCHEONS, HOT OR COLD

GAME IN SEASON, COOKED TO ORDER

DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER

2200 Georgia Avenue N. W.

ANNIE MUNNERLYN, Proprietress

A New Directory

THE DOUGLASS DIRECTORY CO.

A directory of all the Negro business places in the city, alphabetically arranged.

If you are not registered with this Company send us a card, and our representative will call.

To do business you must be known to the business world.

THE DOUGLASS DIRECTORY CO.,

609 F Street N. W.

that their church work is on the upward march. The membership in the Sunday school as well as the church continues to increase.

Mr. Felix Brown died Saturday, October 28, 1911.

NOTABLE RECEPTION

Given to District Deputies of the Order of St. Luke—Mrs. Bessie B. Anderson and Rev. A. C. Garner Honored Guests.

Last Monday night St. Luke's building was decorated and illuminated to accommodate the great throng of St. Lukes which gathered to show their appreciation of the official services of the heads of the Order in Washington. The decorations and artistic mottoes were very attractive. Mrs. Anderson and Rev. Garner were recently elected to be district deputy and associate deputy, respectively, and this reception was given in their honor as a kind of reward of merit and testimonial of esteem in which they are held by the great body of members of the Order here. The reception of visitors was being over, refreshments were served, and a spirit of genuine sociability pervaded the entire gathering. The affair was a high compliment to the guests of honor, and will no doubt contribute to the power and influence of the

Order in this city. Introductory remarks were made by Prof. L. B. Moore, of Howard University, and Dr. C. W. Childs, in which they lauded the work of the deputies and the cause of St. Luke's Order in general. Rev. A. C. Garner told of the work of the St. Luke Hall Association, which has bought the valuable corner at Thirteenth and You Streets, and gave a glowing account of the progress already made.

Mrs. Anderson, on account of her great popularity, seemed the center of attraction. In a well-timed address, which gave evidence of her culture and refinement, she closed the oratorical part of the program amidst continued applause.

Mrs. Johnson Married.

Mrs. Ethel Johnson, formerly of this city, but now living in Chicago, Ill., was married in that city two weeks ago to Mr. Geo. Price. Mrs. Johnson married well and is doing well. Mr. and Mrs. Price will make their home in the Windy City.

Divorced.

Mrs. Garnett Wormley, one of the most active and progressive young women in this city, has obtained a decree of absolute divorce from her husband and the custody of her two children.

HISTORIC LOVING CUP.

It Changed Possessors Frequently, Being Owned in Turn by Goldsmith, Garrick, Dr. Johnson and Burke.

The famous literary society of London called the Savage club has traditional connection with Will's coffee-house and the Mermaid tavern of early days. The reader of Mr. Watson's volume of history and anecdote relating to the club will come across in its pages incidental mention of things that recall names that are famous in our literature. How rich in associations a simple drinking cup may become is shown by the following:

In 1902 there was brought to the club a most remarkable relic of which the lord mayor of London had recently obtained possession. This was a loving cup holding a pint or a little more which, as certain inscriptions testified, was at one time the property of Oliver Goldsmith. On Goldsmith's death it passed into the hands of David Garrick and thence to the possession of one of the literary and artistic clubs of the day.

Then after an interval it passed into Dr. Johnson's hands, for one of the inscriptions engraved on its silver rim records that it was presented to Burke by his friend Samuel Johnson, doctor of letters, as a memento of Johnson's visit to Beaconsfield, which was Burke's home. The date of the presentation was 1779, five years after the death of Goldsmith and five before the death of Johnson.

ESSEN'S BAKERY.

Said to Be the Largest Breadingmaking Concern in the World.

The largest bakery in the world is located in Essen, Prussia, the home of the great Krupp gun factory. It is a vast building, in which seventy workmen, divided into two shifts, work night and day. Everything is done by machinery, says the London Post. A screw turns ceaselessly a kneading trough, into which is poured some water and ten sacks of flour of 200 pounds each.

This machine makes about 40,000 pounds of bread each day, in the shape of 25,000 small loaves and 25,000 large loaves, produced by 280 sacks of flour of 200 pounds each. All the operations of breadmaking are performed in this colossal bakery. The wheat arrives there, is cleaned, ground and brought automatically to the kneading trough by a series of rising and descending pipes.

There are thirty-six double ovens, and the workmen who watch over the baking of the bread earn from 8 to 10 cents an hour, making an average of 90 cents a day for eleven hours on duty. They have coffee and bread free; also the use of a bathroom, for they are required to keep themselves spotlessly clean and must wash their hands eight times a day.

The Brown Rat.

The best way to make a good clearance of rats is to turn a cobra into the place they inhabit. It will clear them out in an amazingly short time. But most people prefer the rats. Were it not for cats, owls, weasels and a few other animals in combination with man, in a short time the whole country would be one vast ratery, for the rate at which these animals increase is stupendous. They are without doubt one of the worst forms of vermin, but they possess one good quality. In a tight corner few animals are more courageous than the brown rat. Rats hard pressed have been known to fly at a man's throat. Two or three, secure in a little fortress with a small opening only large enough for one at a time to come in and go out, will defy a score of ferrets, and if one ferret with more courage than his brothers does venture to enter the lions' den he must look well to himself or he will never come out alive.—London Globe.

Organ Pipes.

The names of the different parts of an organ pipe are interesting. For instance, the air is forced in through a hole in the pointed toe of the pipe, goes through the flue (the slit cut in the side) and strikes the lip. In some cases it then hits the beard (a metal cylinder attached just below the opening) and rebounds against the lip, producing a double vibration. There is also a tongue, and the upper part is called the barrel.—Exchange.

Faultfinding.

Often the most unhappy people are those who have lost the art of admiration and become experts in the art of faultfinding. Beauty is everywhere, but they see it not because of the flaws somewhere below it. Faultfinders should turn their magnifying glasses upon themselves and there discover why they are not loved.

Conversation.

Conversation warms the mind, enlivens the imagination and is continually starting fresh game, which is immediately pursued and taken and which would never have occurred in the duller intercourse of epistolary correspondence.—Franklin.

Dead Authors.

The society of dead authors has this advantage over that of living men—they never flatter us to our faces, or slander us behind our backs, or intrude upon our privacy, or quit their shelves until we take them down.—Colton.

What They're Not Doing.

When two women get their heads together in a parlor it's a safe bet that they're not discussing the weather.—Detroit Free Press.

The wicked are always ungrateful.—Cervantes.

SPARE THE OLD THINGS.

A Plea For the Preservation of Tokens of Love and Reminders of Days Gone By.

Most everything is being sacrificed nowadays to the spirit of practicality. Old love letters are destroyed because desk room is needed. The spreading oak that marked for decades the turn of the road is sacrificed to give room to a modern electric sign that tells the same story. The baby's first pair of shoes, wee, dainty and soft as they are, are thrown in the trash pile that there may be room in the top drawer for the powder box.

All of this destruction of "and lang syne" sentiment and the basis of reminiscence is a chuck full of wrong. The most interesting place in or near Washington is Mount Vernon. The most magnificent square in Philadelphia is Independence hall. The most valuable spot in Texas is the old Alamo at San Antonio. Such places as these contain the story of American history, and the citizen who views and thinks while viewing—and no one can view without thinking—becomes instantly a patriot, likewise a better husband and a better father.

Keep the old love tokens. Don't destroy the "old gray bonnets." Treasure the little shoes. Save youth's love letters. And we may not have as much room, but we will have more sweetness, and there will be more heart in the world.—Wichita Beacon.

IN A RAILWAY SMASHUP.

The Proper Thing to Do if You Have Time Enough.

If you were a passenger on a railroad train that collided with another, jumped the track, ran into an open switch or fell a victim to any of the other misfortunes that railroad trains are heir to, what would you do or what do you think you would do?

A writer in an engineering journal, after describing from his personal observation what most passengers do in such times of stress and peril—that is, "stand up and howl"—gives what he calls sound advice, which is simply "to drop upon the floor, preferably in the aisle, or cling to the seat frame."

That advice is not only sound, but simple. The trouble, however, is that not one person in ten can tell with any degree of certainty to what extent the same kind of mental demoralization that causes the volunteer fireman to throw mirrors out of the window and tenderly carry feather beds downstairs would possess him in such an emergency. The man who believes with absolute conviction that he would remain calm, cool and collected under all circumstances may be the very man who would make a mental aviation flight that would cause the records of the champion aeronauts to pale into insignificance.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Wasted Ability.

Mrs. Norton had attended the concert given at the town hall by Mile. Faure, a young Frenchwoman whom the summer residents were trying to help, as she had lost all her possessions through a fire in the city studio, where she lived and taught.

At the end of the concert the different opinions expressed by the villagers as to the exhibition of piano playing to which they had listened had no effect on Mrs. Norton.

"I don't know whether she played too loud or whether her pieces were the best or not," she announced decisively. "All I know is that I kept thinking if I could roust out that butterfingered Clancy girl that's pretending to help me with my kitchen work and set that madam'selle down to shelling peas and beans and shucking corn I guess the boarders would have their meals somewhere near on time!"—Youth's Companion.

Facts About Animal Structure.

The complexity of animal structure is marvelous. A caterpillar contains more than 2,000 muscles. In a human body are some 2,000,000 perspiration glands, communicating with the surface by ducts, having a total length of some ten miles, while that of the arteries, veins and capillaries must be very great. The blood contains millions of corpuscles, each a structure in itself. The rods in the retina, which are supposed to be the ultimate recipients of light, are estimated at 30,000,000, and Meiner has calculated that the gray matter of the brain is built of at least 600,000,000 cells.

The Joined Fragments.

Waiter—What will you have, sir? Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare)—Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic fragments, whatever their age, to join, and—

Waiter (shouts across the hall)—Hush for one!—London Tit-Bits.

Some Balm.

"Duke, I'm sorry," said the millionaire, "but my daughter can't marry you." "Then I have loved in vain?" "Not wholly, duke. Here's \$50 for you."

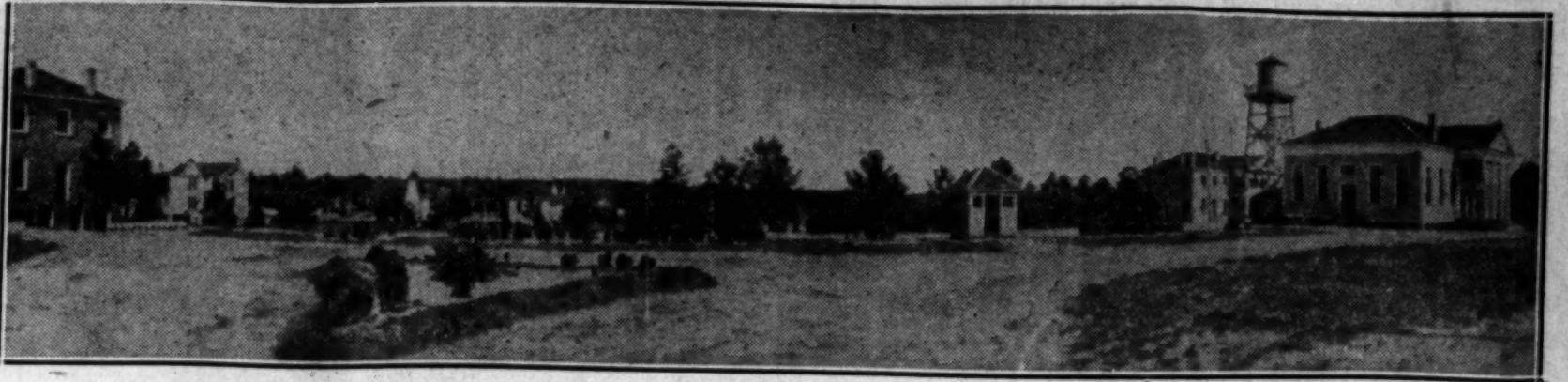
The Fluent Speaker.

"Pa, what's a fluent speaker?" "One of the kind you are glad to hear because the things he says never cause you to change your opinion."—Leah's Weekly.

Reassuring.

Terrified Rider (in hired motorcar)—I say—I say—you're going much too fast. Chauffeur—Oh, you're all right, sir. We always insure our passengers.—London Punch.

National Religious Training School



THE NATIONAL RELIGIOUS TRAINING SCHOOL.

DURHAM, N. C.

Offers superior advantages for the training of young men and women in many departments of work.

The following Departments are in successful operation.

1. Department of Religious Training. This department is intended especially for the training of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Secretaries. Settlement workers, Deaconesses, and for Home and Foreign Missionaries.

2. Department of Theology.

3. Commercial Department.

4. Literary Department.

5. Department of Music.

WOMAN'S TRAINING SCHOOL.

Work Has Begun—Opening Day. Speeches by Well Known Ministers.

The National Training School for Women and Girls, located at Lincoln Heights, Washington, D. C., began its third session on Monday, October 9, with an enrollment of women and girls that completely taxed the capacity of the two buildings, and made it necessary for the President to rent another whole building in the neighborhood. Students are coming from everywhere. In the short time that this school has been in operation, it has been far-reaching in its work of training the women and girls of the race, and there are now thirty-one States and three foreign countries represented in the enrollment.

The opening exercises, which were held at 3:30 P. M., were presided over by Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, A. M., president. In her remarks Miss Burroughs gave a brief outline of the work and the achievements of the institution during the past two years, as well as a plan of the work to be accomplished during this school year. One of the principles advocated by this young woman and which was forcibly brought out at this time was "Be prepared; opportunity may come, but it comes to the prepared individual. We have too many makeshifts now; the demand is for thoroughly trained workmen in all avenues of life."

A letter from the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, of which Mrs. Katherine S. Westfall is secretary, was read, stating that three thousand, five hundred dollars is available from the society with which to build the much-needed and much-talked-of "Model Home," in memory of the late Secretary of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, Miss Mary G. Burdette. This colonial model home will be erected soon. Plans have been submitted. The donors only ask that the colored women properly furnish and equip the building. Enthusiasm ran high when the announcement of this gift was made. It was evident that others will be inspired to give largely.

Special addresses were delivered by Rev. Walter H. Brooks, D. D., on "How a student may make the year fruitful;" Rev. J. Milton Waldron, "The trained Christian worker as a factor in our church work;" Mrs. Julia Mason Layton, "The conduct of students in public places;" Rev. L. G. Jordan, D. D., "The need of trained workers to supplant the makeshifts," and the speaking was closed by Rev. J. Gray, of Baltimore, Md., who made some very timely remarks.

At the close of the exercises, many pledged to help in a very material way, and pledges were received for money toward the erection of the girls' dormitory, the foundation of which is now being laid, while others pledged to furnish rooms in the new building and still others are making a substantial donation of canned goods to the institution on October 20th, which has been designated as "Grocery Day."

The District Board, under the direction of Mrs. Emma Lewis Cabanis, the local churches, and the ladies of the Calvary Baptist Church (white), Washington, D. C., as well as friends throughout the country, are uniting in the effort to make "Grocery Day" a blessing in material things.

Friends were present from Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio, Maryland and the District of Columbia.

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VARIETIES IN CHEESES.

Hard Cheeses' Lasting Qualities—Parmesan is So Hard That Cutting is Practically Impossible.

The difference in cheeses is sometimes confusing to those who have not access to a large market. Edam, pineapple, Parmesan and Roquefort are hard cheeses. Neufchatel, cream and cottage cheeses soft. Genuine cream cheese is made from a rich cream thickened by souring or from sweet cream thickened rennet. Neufchatel is a soft rennet cheese made from cow's milk either whole or skimmed. Cottage cheese is made from sour milk without the use of rennet. Roquefort is a hard rennet cheese made from the milk of sheep, the name being derived from the village of Roquefort, in the southeastern part of France, where the cheese is ripened in caves or natural caverns. Edam is a hard rennet cheese produced in Holland and is made from unskimmed cow's milk. Parmesan is an Italian cheese known for centuries in that country as Grana, the term referring to the granular condition of the cheese. It is so hard cutting is practically impossible, and we get it in this country grated in bottles. This cheese is made from skimmed milk. Pineapple cheese is said to have originated in Litchfield county, Conn., and is a hard rennet cheese made from cow's milk. The flavor of different cheeses is given by the method of ripening, due to the action of bacteria.

Hard and soft cheeses differ mainly in the fat constituents and methods of manufacture, but most of all in their keeping quality, the hard cheeses keeping for a protracted time.—Good House-keeping.

MAKING A PICTURE LOVER.

A Cynical and Caustic Fling at the English Art Patron.

The general art patron in England is a brewer or distiller. Five and forty is the age at which he begins to make his taste felt in the art world, and the cause of his collection is the following or analogous reason. After a heavy dinner, when the smoke cloud is blowing lustily, Brown says to Smith: "I know you don't care for pictures, so you wouldn't think that Leader was worth £1,500. Well, I paid all that and something more, too, at the last academy for it." Smith, who has never heard of Leader, turns slowly round on his chair, and his brain, stupefied with strong wine and tobacco, gradually becomes aware of a village by a river bank seen in black silhouette upon a sunset sky. Wine and food have made him happily sentimental, and he remembers having seen a village looking very like that village when he was paying his attentions to the eldest Miss Jones. Yes, it was looking like that, all quite sharp and clear on a yellow sky, and the trees were black and still, just like those trees. Smith determines that he, too, shall possess a Leader. He may not be quite as big a man as Brown, but he has been doing pretty well lately. There's no reason why he shouldn't have a Leader. So irredeemable mischief has been done at Brown's dinner party. Another five or six thousand a year will exert its mighty influence in the service of bad art.—George Moore.

Proper Breathing.

To breathe properly take a deep, slow breath, another and another. Put both the hands on your ribs and see how they expand and contract as you breathe in and out. Put one hand on the low ribs in front and the other opposite it on the back. Feel how the back swells as you breathe. There is a powerful muscle called the diaphragm that divides the chest from the abdomen. As the heart and lungs are in the chest, the diaphragm may be called the floor of the chest. It is fastened to the backbone, the ribs and the sternum, or breastbone. And when people speak of diaphragmatic breathing they mean just what we are doing now—filling the lungs with air and emptying them by the expansion and contraction.—Boston Herald.

6. Department of Literary Training.
7. Department of Industries.
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If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her.—I Cor. 11-15.

Every Woman Can Have That Glory If She Wishes It.

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My own hair is my best advertisement. With these treatments my hair grew 17 inches in two years. It had remained one length (four inches) for 15 years. What I did for my hair I am doing for hundreds of others, and will do for you with my Matchless Scientific Scalp Preparations. My treatment stops falling hair or breaking off, cures split ends, removes dandruff and scalp scurf, causes the hair to grow long, no matter how short; soft, no matter how harsh; thick, no matter how thin; straight from the bulbs, no matter how kinky. First treatment will show wonderful improvement. Do not wait if you are interested in your hair. I give treatments all over the United States by mail. Write me at once. I send booklet OF INFORMATION, and testimonials of those taking my treatments when 4-cent stamp is enclosed. I do not have agents. I need a personal history of your hair and scalp and your physical condition.

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LONDON'S HISTORIC TOWER.

And the Poisoned Egg From Which
Was Hatched the Great
Charter.

Richard Davey in "The Tower of London" connects the historic edifice with the wrestling of the great charter from King John.

King John, it would seem, though legally married to Isabella of Angoulême, fell desperately in love in 1214 with "Matilda" or "Maud," "the Fair," the beautiful daughter of Robert, Lord Fitzwalter. This lady, remaining deaf to his entreaties, was treacherously abducted from her father's seat at Dunmow by the king's order and shut up in the round turret of the White tower. On this Fitzwalter made a vain attempt to rouse the people to revolt, but was forced to fly to France with his wife and remaining children. Maud once safe in the tower, King John renewed his suit, but only succeeded in driving her to utter silence, which so infuriated him that he sent her a poisoned egg for her breakfast, and she died early in 1215. A year later her remains were translated to the family vault at Dunmow.

When the news of this crafty murder came to the ears of Fitzwalter he forthwith returned to England and discovered to his joy that the barons were on the point of declaring war against John. He at once placed himself at their head, hoping, it is said, to combine his personal revenge with his duty as an English peer and is indeed supposed to have forced the king to sign the great charter for the express purpose of humiliating his daughter's murderer. Thus from an egg was hatched the great charter. Whether the story be true or false, it is a certified historical fact that the barons held the tower in pledge till John consented to accept the charter and affixed his reluctant signature to the deed.

About a year later, when the war with the barons was at its height and John once more a power, the tower again fell into his hands, and though the barons laid siege to it, they were repulsed by the king's men. To complete its strange vicissitudes during this strenuous reign the tower became on Nov. 1, 1215, the temporary court of King Louis of France, whom the rebellious barons had summoned to assist in the adjustment of their grievances. Appearing before the gates with a large body of men, he so completely awed the officials that they handed over the keys without striking a blow for their rightful monarch.

FREAKS OF A RIVER.

A Stream So Crooked That It Double
Crosses Itself.

There is a stream in Massachusetts called the North river. It starts in a pond near Hanson and runs to the sea at Scituate. It is ten miles by air line from Hanson to Scituate, and the river is forty miles long.

This river is probably the most remarkable body of water, barring the Dead sea, on this footstool and has stood more abuse and bad language than the Chicago river. When the tide is coming in the river runs upstream, and not only that, but the upper part of it, which is fresh water, also runs up, and the spectacle of a fresh water river beating it uphill is alone enough to call attention to itself. But there is much more to it than that.

The North river is noted for being the scene of the last Indian raid on the coast settlements. It is notable for having given birth to the ship Columbia, whose captain discovered and named the Columbia river, and was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the world. It is notorious for having suddenly changed its mind on its course on the night of Nov. 27, 1898, when it moved its mouth three miles to the northward, presented the town of Marshfield with a deep harbor, killed three men and converted about 200,000 acres of prime meadow land into a salt marsh.

But the chief thing about this river is its crookedness. This river is so crooked that it double crosses itself. If you don't believe it go and see. There is one place in Hanover where by making three loops the river moves toward the sea for a distance of almost fifty feet and meanders about for fifteen miles in doing it.—Boston Traveler.

The Open Fire.

The open fire is a primitive, elemental thing. It cheers with more than mere heat; it is a bit of the red heart of nature laid bare; it is a dragon of the prince docile and friendly there in the corner. What pictures, what activity, how social, how it keeps up the talk! You are not permitted to forget it for a moment. How it responds when you nudge it! How it rejoices when you feed it! Why, an open fire in your room is a whole literature. It supplements your library as nothing else in the room does or can.—John Burroughs in Country Life in America.

Out or In.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house.
"Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."
"But this seemed to come from the floor above."
"Ah, then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Made It Lean.

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what made the tower of Pisa lean?
Harold—I guess there must have been a famine in the land.—Exchange.

The best of us lack more'n wings to be angels.—Thomas B. Aldrich.

LINCOLN'S QUESTION.

It Stilled the Storm of Applause For
His Opponent, Stephen
Douglas.

Professor James T. McLeary of Mankato, Minn., who for fourteen years represented a district of his state in congress, told this Lincoln story:

"A friend of mine told me that when a boy he attended with his father one of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois. My friend's father was a Lincoln man, but the place in which that particular debate took place was a Douglas stronghold.

"Douglas spoke first, and he was frequently interrupted by vociferous applause. The cheering and the hand-clapping at the end lasted four or five minutes. When Lincoln was introduced the crowd broke out into cheers for Douglas and kept it up for several minutes. Lincoln meanwhile waited patiently.

"When at length the enthusiasm had subsided Lincoln extended his long right arm for silence. When he had partly got this he said in an impressive tone, 'What an orator Judge Douglas is!'

"This unexpected tribute to their friend set the audience wild with enthusiasm. When this applause had run its course Lincoln, extending his hand again, this time obtained silence more easily.

"What a fine presence Judge Douglas has!" exclaimed the speaker earnestly. Again tumultuous applause followed the tribute.

"How well rounded his sentences are! How well chosen his language is! How apt his illustrations are! ending up with, 'What a splendid man Judge Douglas is!'

"Then when the audience had again become silent at his call Lincoln leaned forward and said:

"And now, my countrymen, how many of you can tell me one thing Judge Douglas said?"

"My friend told me he searched his own heart for an answer and found none. Afterward he asked his father if he could remember anything Judge Douglas had said, and the latter remembered practically nothing. 'But,' my friend said to me impressively, 'even now, half a century later, I can recall practically all that Lincoln said.'—Exchange.

THE USE OF ARSENIC.

How the Poison Acts When Taken as
a Complexion Beautifier.

"You no doubt have observed theilly white complexion of some women. These women are sacrificing years of their lives for that beautiful skin by the use of arsenic," said a chemist of Manchester, England.

"It is a well known fact that thousands of women in all countries of the world use the poison in small quantities to bleach their skin. It is an effective means of whitening and clearing the complexion, but the complexion given by its use has no permanency unless the absorption of the drug be continued.

"Arsenic, as science has long told us, is an accumulative poison. When one takes it either by prescription for the upbuilding of an appetite or for the bleaching of the skin he does not feel any ill effects for several years. The effect of the drug is bracing and makes a person feel like eating. It also aids the digestion. The average user of the poison takes it in such small quantities that he does not realize how much of it will accumulate in his system in the course of four or five years.

"Being an accumulative poison, it often takes that length of time to see the results of the drug. Then the user may complain of not being able to control his fingers or toes. Subsequently he loses control of his hands and arms. Paralysis, superinduced by arsenical poisoning, is the fearful result.—Washington Post.

That Was Enough.

They were talking about the nosey women who knew everybody in the middle of the block.

"Apparently she's got it in for those people who moved away from 35 last week," said he. "What did they do to her?"

"Nothing," said she, "except to borrow her opera glasses the day before they moved and keep them till the day after, so she couldn't get a chance to train them on their back room furniture."—New York Times.

What Damp Means.

Learn to know what damp means, especially when used upon polished woodwork. Think it means wet and you will be revelling valuable information as "newspaper rubbish." Dip a cloth in hot water, wring it as hard as you can, then shake it in the air and it should have about the right amount of moisture.—Exchange.

The Missing Word.

A "new missing" word contest has just appeared. It is as follows: A good church deacon sat down on the pointed end of a tack. He at once sprang up and said only two words. The last was "it." Any one guessing the first word and sending a dollar in cash will be entitled to this periodical for one year.—Lippincott's.

The Silver Lining.

"Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcash, who was reading a letter, "our son has been expelled from college. Isn't it awful?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Shortcash. "Perhaps I can pull through without making an assignment now."—Chicago News.

NEXT DOOR'S FRUIT TREE.

The One Whose Branches, Usually
Heavily Laden, Extend Over the
Fence Into Your Yard.

The next door fruit tree, growing so near the line that laden branches extend over the fence, has proved a source of untold spankings to the small boy, quarrels between otherwise good neighbors and even resort to the police courts. One is inclined to suspect that the original apple tree of trouble hung over a neighbor's fence.

The cause of friction is, of course, the question of the ownership of or at least the right to take and use the fruit on the too widely spread branches. Generally this fruit is claimed by the person whose property is thus invaded, but if he asserts this claim to the point of gathering the fruit without permission he may feel the iron hand of the law, says Harper's Weekly. If he objects to the presence of the branches which extend over his property the owner of the tree must remove them. But if the owner of the tree applies for the fruit or asks permission to enter and take the owner of the land over which the branches extend cannot refuse permission for entry for this purpose. If he refuses either to hand over the fruit or to allow the owner of the tree to enter and take it, then the owner of the tree may enter without permission, but he must use no force nor commit any damage in so entering.

Certainly the most neighborly thing to do would be to divide that fruit.

INDEXING BOOKS.

The Custom is an Old One That De-
veloped Rather Slowly.

The custom of indexing books developed gradually. Cicero used the word "index," but in the sense of a table of contents. Seneca provided some works which he sent to a friend with notes of particular passages, "so that he who only aimed at the useful might be spared the trouble of examining them entire." This was at least a partial "index" in the modern sense. Annotated, or at least explanatory, tables of contents seem to have preceded the index proper.

Such tables followed the order of appearance of the subjects in the book itself. Alphabetical arrangement, which was the beginning of the real index, appears not to have been thought of until the invention of printing, and even then it spread but slowly. Erasmus was one of the first to provide his works with alphabetical indexes. The custom did not become universal until well into the sixteenth century.

The first index to an English book is said to be that printed in Polydore Vergil's "Anglice Historiae," in 1546. An edition of this work published ten years later has an index of thirty-seven pages.

Stories of Wellington and Blucher.

I once met Wellington at dinner. He was then much aged, talked gravely and with great distinctness, ate but little, drank no wine and left early. He was a member of the Union club when I joined it, and I have heard a story that he became a member of Crookford's, the famous gambling resort, that he might blackball his sons if they became candidates.

I remember one touching anecdote of how he and that old Prussian warrior Blucher met upon the field of Waterloo and mingled their tears over the bodies of the slain. The well known and much more probable story is told of Blucher that, having been entertained at a city dinner and thoroughly enjoying its gorgeous hospitality, he delighted his hosts by his admiration of London, concluding, however, with the startling exclamation, "What a splendid city it would be to sack!"—From Sergeant Ballantine's Experiences.

"I Don't Think."

Many correspondents have traced "I don't think" through many writers and speakers. But this writer, who has the habit of reading the Bible in bed the last thing at night, suddenly came upon the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke and the parable of the servant who merely did his duty: "Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not." Now, the Greek words are simply these in modern characters, "Ou doko," which mean just "I don't think." Anyhow we cannot get better authority for the use of the expression which Christ employed in one of those lightning sketches he threw out as he walked and talked.—London Chronicle.

Tolstoy's Thoughts on Death.

The fear of death is unnatural. The fear of death is the consciousness of sin.

The fear of death emanates from the fact that people regard as life only a small part of it, limited by their own erroneous conception.

Just as the owner of the fig tree knows the time when the fruit is ripe, so God knows when to call the righteous from this world.

Strive to keep your life at a point where you neither fear death nor desire it.—Tolstoy's "Cycle of Readings."

The Helpful Waiter.

Contemptuous Waiter (who can stand it no longer)—Scuse me, sir; you don't seem able to get all that soup hup with your spoon. Shall I get you a piece of blotting paper?—London Tit-Bits.

Not His Style.

"I thought you said the colt could win in a walk?"
"Well, they went and entered him in a running race."—Washington Herald.

OLD LONDON LEGEND.

The Tragedy Associated With the
Church That Stands in the "Field
of Forty Footsteps."

The church in Woburn square, London, is said to occupy the site of the "Field of Forty Footsteps," to which a tragic legend attaches. The story dates from the days of Monmouth's rebellion. According to the version given in Mr. J. S. Ogilvy's "Relics and Memorials of London Town," two brothers fell in love with a woman who, either from callous vanity or fearing reprisals from the unsuccessful suitor, would not say which was to be the favored swain, suggesting that they should fight a duel and to the victor she would give her charms. They came from the town to this suburban field. The woman calmly sat down to await events. She had not long to wait, judging from the number of footprints, when one of the brothers fell dead, and as the victor approached she held out her arms to greet him, when, with a sudden revulsion of feeling for his brother's death, he slew her as she stood, and, turning the weapon, he drove it through his own heart. So they were found stiff in death with the footprints stamped in the wet clay, where they remained indelible through summer heat and winter frost; no green thing would grow, nor any man build himself a dwelling there. Streets were erected all round, but it was not until the nineteenth century that men took heart of grace and built a church there, when the consecration of the ground rolled back the curse and the memory of the legend grew faint and faded away.

DOWN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD

A Parting of the Hair From Which
We've Partly Parted.

What has become of our well known fellow townsman that used to brush his hair two ways from a line extending from crown to collar and swing the ends over his ears? He was a leading citizen. He sat in the next pew in front at church and always attended the shows. He worked in a bank in St. Louis and was mate on one of the Mississippi river steamboats. He was a floorwalker in a New York dry goods store and kept a saloon just off the main street. Usually he wore a cluster of diamonds with a little chain attached in his shirt front. He was a conductor on the day express, a Mason and an Odd Fellow. He practiced medicine and worked in the boot and shoe store. He had been to California and played cards for money.

Well, he's still in town, although greatly changed. It was all the barber's fault. When he was in his prime and known to everybody the barber used to trim him. Later he began to cut it. It wasn't long before our well known fellow citizen was nipped by the shears, his locks curled on the calico pinned around his neck and rolled to the floor, and there wasn't anything to part. When the barber's ruthless shears cut their way to the very scalp they killed a famous pomade customer, for the man that parted his hair behind always stood (or sat) for the things in the bottles which cost 10 cents extra.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Compliment For Him.

She was eighteen and very shy, and she never had been in the city before. There was no one at Broad street station to meet her, and she looked about timidly for a cab. Her mother had told her to take a hansom. She did not see any hansom, nor did she know that the "cabbies" wore a livery all their own. She did not see a policeman either, so she approached a youth who was standing on the corner of Fifteenth street with her bashful question.

"Please," she began, "are you a hansom man?"
The youth raised his hand and twirled his mustache ingratiatingly, smiling with deprecating assumption of modesty.
"I am so considered," he replied.—Philadelphia Times.

Hunger From the Liver.

Hunger, appetite, does not start from the stomach, as all believe and as you all feel when hungered, but the call for food really comes from the flesh of the whole body, mostly from the liver, it seems, for people who have had to have their stomachs taken entirely from their body still have the absent old stomach growl and yell three times a day for meals, something like people having finger pains and pleasures in a hand that has been cut off for years.—New York Press.

A Stone's Throw.

"The ancient Romans had a catapult that could hurl rocks more than a mile."

"Now I understand it."

"What?"
"My landlord told me this house was a stone's throw from the depot. He must have had it on his hands since the time of the Caesars."—Cleveland Leader.

Cleverness and Cunning.

Cleverness and cunning are incompatible. I never saw them united. The latter is the resource of the weak and is only natural to them. Children and fools are always cunning, but clever people never.—Byron.

A Money Maker.

Smith—He is not rich, and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends. Jones—How can that be? Smith—He works in the mint.—New York American.

The first years of man must make provision for the last.—Johnson.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court No. 18425, Administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, Letters Testamentary on the estate of John H. Burruss, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of October, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of October, 1911.

MARY A. BURRUS,
1209 Twentieth St.

Attest:

JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

L. MELENDEZ KING,
Attorney.

W. CALVIN CHASE AND M. T. CLINKSCALES, ATTORNEYS.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

Hellen Davis, Complainant, vs. Charles Davis, Defendant, and Evelyn Hall, Co-respondent. No. 30,142, Equity Doc. 65.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between Hellen Davis and Charles Davis, on the grounds of adultery.

On motion of the complainant, it is this second day of November, 1911, ordered that the Co-respondent, Evelyn Hall, cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter, and the Washington Bee, before said day.

WRIGHT, Justice.

A true copy:

Test: J. R. YOUNG, Clerk.
By F. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Assistant Clergy.

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\$200 per month can be made selling lots in our beautiful Southern Heights Addition to Muskogee, Oklahoma. If you are earning less, write at once for our special terms and easy selling plan. Absolutely clean, honest work. Highest commissions. Costs you absolutely nothing to try it. Write now. Southern Heights Co., Box 995, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Douglas Directory.

There is a new directory that is to be published by Miss Jeannette Carter, Attorney L. M. King is president of the company, Dr. Julia H. P. Coleman is secretary, and Miss Jeannette Carter is treasurer. This is what the colored people have been needing for a number of years. This directory will contain the names and residence of the colored people in this city and their business.

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For rent, nice large, sunny rooms, furnished or unfurnished. Modern conveniences. Apply 1438 Rhode Island Avenue, N. W.

Rooms.

Rooms for rent at the Cameron, Apt. 41, 1902 Vermont Avenue N. W. Gas, steam heat, sanitary bath, telephone and cafe at your service.

FOR RENT.

A three-room flat, suitable for two ladies or gents' bachelor quarters. Fine light airy rooms. Heat and light furnished.

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Try Ford's Hair Pomade for harsh, stubborn and unruly hair and Ford's Royal White Skin Lotion for the complexion. Ask your druggist for them. Be sure and get the genuine (Ford's) manufactured by the Ozonized Ox Marrow Company, Chicago, Ill.

For sale by Nichols' Pharmacy, Corner 19th Street and Penn. Ave.; S. A. Richardson & Co., 7th and Q Sts., N. W.; Morse's Pharmacy, 19th and L Sts. N. W.; W. S. Richardson, 316 Four-and-a-Half St. S. W.; Daniel H. Smith, 28th and Dumbarton Ave. N. W.; J. F. Simpson, corner 7th St., Rhode Island Ave. and R St. N. W.; Singleton's Pharmacy, 20th and E Sts. N. W.; Market Pharmacy, corner 20th and K Sts. N. W.; John R. Major, 716 7th St. N. W.; Ideal Pharmacy, 11th St. and N. Y. Ave. N. W.; R. A. Veitch, corner 20th and M Sts. N. W.; E. E. Cissell, 10th St. and N. Y. Ave.; W. P. Herbst, Penn. Ave. and 25th St. N. W.; Hutton & Hilton, 22d and L Sts. N. W.; R. W. Duffey, Penn. Ave. and 22d St. N. W.; Whiteside Pharmacy, 1921 Pa. Ave.; Board & McGuire, corner 9th and U Sts.; F. M. Criswell, 1901 7th St. N. W.; Quigley's Pharmacy, corner 21st and G Sts. N. W.; Daw's Drug Store, corner 23d and H Sts. N. W.; Howard Pharmacy, 10th and R Sts. N. W.; People's Pharmacy, 7th and Mass. Ave., N. W.

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Worsteds, Cheviots. Diagonals, etc., in gray, black, blue, and green. Elegantly tailored and elaborately trimmed. All satin lined and finished. A bona fide \$18 value, just like cut.

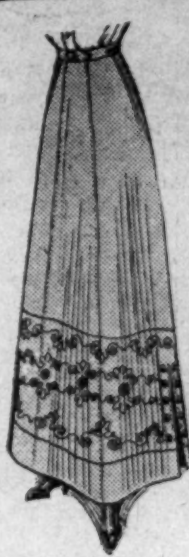
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JAMES F. ARMSTRONG, Agent.

494 La. Ave. N. W., or with W. Sidney Pittman, the Architect, the office of The Bee.

ANNAPOLIS OUTCLASSED.

Howard Wins 26-0.

Howard Varsity opened up its football season last Saturday with an easy victory of 26-0, over Annapolis. It was a great victory for our boys. From the time that Perry Bell received the kick-off until the game stopped Howard actually swept Annapolis off her feet; out-playing and out-classing her lighter opponents in every angle of the game. Many sensational plays were made by Howard. Forbes, with a 45 and 85 yard run through Annapolis' broken field for two touchdowns was easily the star of the game. The playing of Capt. Gray, Nixon, Oliver, Schlaugter, Brice, and Beamon was also of high order. Our line as usual was as a stone wall, and it was utterly impossible for Annapolis to penetrate it. Gray, Forbes and Nixon tore through Annapolis' line at will for gains from 5 to 15 yards. Oliver and Schlaugter made many beautiful end runs. The game, as a whole, was a good practice for Howard, and showed the strong and weak points of the team.

Howard plays Hampton November 10, in Hampton, Shaw at Howard on the 18th, and Lincoln at Howard on Thanksgiving day. Much interest is being manifested in the coming Lincoln game. Every care will be taken to make this game a success. Thousands of people will be here from the east and northeast, to see these great rivals in action. As Harvard Yale game is the talk of the white football world, so it is with Howard-Lincoln game for our race. Don't fail to see this great game. Write for your ticket.

An Announcement

I take pleasure in advising my friends & patrons that my fall and winter samples which include all the latest designs, are now ready for your inspection.

My nobby business suits, made in the best possible manner, range in price from \$18 to \$25. The care in cutting and fitting these suits is equal to that given to \$50 suits, in short, it is the best that money and experience can secure.

I have added to my business department in which cleaning, pressing, altering and repairing is done in a way that guarantees satisfaction. You can arrange to have this class of work done by the month.

Whenever I can serve you in anyway, I would be pleased to receive your order and allow my work to speak for itself.

Very respectfully,

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Thanksgiving Goods at the ASTORIA PHARMACY 3d and G Streets, Northwest

It is enough to be thankful that you can go to the Astoria. The old and young can find everything in the line of choice toilet preparations and fresh drugs. Everything cheaper than wholesale. Have you tried that Chinese Lilly Cologne? It perfumes the entire house, and it is lasting. Just 20 cents. Our scalp solution is the pride of the city. Our own preparation. Be your own hair straightener. We have Nelson's, in small and large boxes. It makes the hair glossy and straight. Nothing sticky about it. Used according to directions, the hair grows beautiful. Hacking cough that keeps you awake at night? I have what you need, and it will cure you. We give satisfaction in everything we sell.

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Pure Drugs and preparations at all times.

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In Musical Comedy, Man wants a wife without a habit

TRUE REFORMER HALL 12 and You Sts. N. W.

Monday Eve'g. Oct. 6, 1911 ADMISSION 25 CENTS

ets at once, and be present Thanksgiving to see the greatest teams of our race in action. C. T. Lunsford, Sporting Editor of Howard University Journal.

Free Information.

An up-to-date financial plan to liquidate church debts with ease and certainty. Free information to all ministers and church workers. 1223 S Street, Washington, D. C. no-1-3-m

THINGS TO HAPPEN.

R. W. Thompson an editor instead of a correspondent.

W. C. Martin and W. L. Houston agreeing at the next B. M. C. on a grand master.

Will Pollard joining the Houston forces.



FORD'S HAIR POMADE

MAKES HARSH, KINKY OR CURLY HAIR GLOSSY, SOFTER AND MORE PLIABLE. EASY TO COMB AND PUT UP IN ANY STYLE. THE LENGTH WILL PERMIT UNEXCELLED FOR PREVENTING HAIR FROM FALLING OUT, SANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF SCALP. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. GET THE GENUINE. PUT UP IN 25c and 50c BOTTLES WITH CHARLES FORD'S NAME ON EVERY PACKAGE.

TRY FORD'S ROYAL WHITE SKIN LOTION FOR THE COMPLEXION. MAKES THE SKIN WHITER IMMEDIATELY UPON APPLICATION. WILL NOT IRRITATE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN. UNEXCELLED FOR ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, PIMPLES, ROUGH SKIN AND FRECKLES. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. IF YOUR DRUGGIST CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, WE WILL SEND IT TO YOU DIRECT AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES. SMALL SIZED BOTTLE 25c. LARGE SIZED BOTTLE, 50c. THE OZONIZED OX MARROW CO. 322 LAKE ST. DEPT. 294 CHICAGO, ILL. AGENTS WANTED.

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\$48 Suite, tapestry covering	\$39	\$55 Suite, inlaid, silk plush, loose cushions	\$42
\$58 Suite, french velour covering	\$45	\$88 Suite, silk tapestry covering	\$63
\$66 Suit, silk plush, loose cushions	\$50	\$92 Suite, panue plush, loose cushions	\$72
\$78 Suite, silk plush, loose cushions	\$60	\$97 Suite, silk plush, loose cushions	\$75
\$80 Suite, silk plush, loose cushions	\$64	\$184 Suite, best quality genuine leather library style	\$140
\$84 Suite, French verona covering	\$66		

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Complete Housefurnishers



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